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The Advocate



Christmas
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RANDOLPH FREDERICK LATHAM '19

Died August 28, 1920

EMILY HOLLAND KINGSBURY '23

Died September 28, 1920

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THE HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

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NEEDHAM, MASS., DECEMBER, 1920

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A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY

THE NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

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Editorials

It has been the desire of the staff, this year, to publish a magazine which is bigger, better, and brighter than any of its predecessors. For the success in this undertaking we are very grateful for the co-operation of every member of the school, and especially commend the typewriting class for their willing help in copying our articles. We particularly wish to thank Miss Caswell, who has so greatly stimulated the work of her pupils for the "Advocate."

On account of the advance of the price for printing we were obliged to dispense with the artistic headings which it has been the custom to use in the previous years. However, we feel sure that the reading matter retaliates for this. May you spend a happy hour perusing the pages of this book.

Once again we have resumed our studies and are established in our various activities. However enjoyable our vacation has been, we are glad to be here. We heartily welcome our old teachers, Miss Currie, Miss Steward, Miss Ray, Mr. Frost, and the new teachers, Miss Tarbell, Miss Fitch, Miss Churchill and Miss Caswell. May they find our school worth while.

We also extend a special welcome to the entering class.

Do you remember, students, how you felt when you were Freshmen? Didn't you feel just a little lost and out of place? Remember your own "baby days" as members of our good school and show the Freshmen that they are fellow members, that we look to them to help make our school year a success both in efficient scholarship and interest. They are going to be the future support of our "Advocate",—our football team,

—our orchestra,—our glee club, and all our activities. Freshmen welcome!!

We have noticed with satisfaction the ever growing interest shown by the people of the town in our athletics and field sports. Especially has this been true during the football season just closed. We are grateful for the loyal support we have received from the side lines by those who are interested in us and in our High School as representing the town.

To these friends we owe much. And how can we repay them for their appreciation and confidence in us? The best way of doing this is to bring to the surface, where it can be seen by all and its influence portrayed everywhere, that "School Spirit" which has seemingly been concealed of late.

Let us put into action this "School Spirit" as an important factor in the school life; not only in our sports but also in our studies, our social life, and in our intercourse with each other. Loyalty to our school, to the principles which it represents, to our teachers, and to ourselves will create a new spirit of success. And eventually every student will realize that "School Spirit" will live long after School days are over.

Needham High School is lacking one great necessity which is possessed by practically every High School in the state. This is an athletic room. By this we mean a section of the High School devoted solely to the interests of the athletes, and accomplishing its purpose far more efficiently than the present make-shift. Our locker room is more or less of a joke, although the fellows never pass any remarks of objection to it, mainly because they have become used to it. Ten years ago it would have

been considered a modern one, but now with the many improved metal lockers, we cannot say that we have very up-to-date equipment. The most disagreeable part of having things in this condition, occurs in the attempted entertainment of other High School teams here in Needham. The conversation between their manager and our manager is something like this:

"Hello, Needham, where do we leave our togs?"

"Right out here on this table, that's the best we can do for you."

"You don't mean to say that we have to leave our valuables out here where any one can take his pick, do you?"

"Very sorry, but that's about the story. We haven't much better ourselves in the locker room."

A thrill which comes once in a lifetime is the privilege of the Needham Football Manager when he watches the expression on the visitor's face as he informs them where they are to camp.

There is plenty of room in the High School basement for a fine locker room or athletic room without going to any great expense. Some day perhaps a visiting athletic manager will be able to remark: "You certainly have a splendid athletic room here in Needham."

Let's hope so.

Thanksgiving Entertainment

On Wednesday morning, November twenty-fourth, a short entertainment was given by some of the pupils in the school as a recognition of Thanksgiving and what it means to us.

The first part of the entertainment was a series of seven tableaux taken from pictures painted by different artists of note. The first tableau was Mary, Queen of Scots, successfully portrayed by Miss Dorothy Freeman. The second picture represented the signing of the treaty with Elder Peregrine White the central figure. The next picture showed the Pilgrims watching the departure of the Mayflower. The fourth picture, called "The Coming of the Fortune," showed four girls gazing out to sea. The fifth tableau represented Priscilla and John Alden, and the sixth tableau was the signing of the treaty with Massasoit. The seventh tableau represented puritan sports.

The following people took part in the tableaux:

Miss Dorothy Freeman, Elizabeth Williams, David Gourd, Charles Childs,

Herbert Dodge, David Murdoch, Jr., Charlotte Temperly, Marjorie Bucknam, Dorothy Pond, Helen Bond, Dorothy Satterlee, Dorothy Vernon, Dorothea Ashton, Annette Engstrom, Clifford Kilmer, Wayne Barnes, and Bassford Getchell.

The second part of the entertainment was a pantomime. The cast of characters were as follows:

Elder Peregrine White.....	David Murdoch, Jr.
Mistress White.....	Annette Engstrom
Susanna White.....	Dorothea Ashton
Peregrine White, Jr.....	Charles Childs
Witch.....	Dorothy Vernon
Fairy.....	Gertrude Digney
Ghost.....	Stuart Bugbee
Priscilla.....	Marjorie Bucknam
John Alden.....	Clifford Kilmer
Massasoit.....	Wayne Barnes
Governor Bradford.....	Herbert Dodge
Miles Standish.....	David Gourd

Miss Frances Kroll explained each tableau and told the story of the pantomime, a great deal of which was her own work.

We wish to thank Miss Morton, the pianist, Mr. Churchill, assistant in make-

up, Mr. Rand, the general stage manager, Mr. Rockwell and Mr. Emery, the curtain pullers, for their splendid assistance and hearty co-operation.

The student body as a whole was very much pleased and surprised at the remarkable talent shown by some of its

members in this performance. The tableaux were very real and in fact one could almost see the original painting before them. The costumes were splendid and added to the general pleasing effect. The pantomime was a success in itself, each actor doing ample justice to his part.

The Red Cross

Friends of Needham! Have you ever thought what the Red Cross has meant to us, and what it means now? If you had a boy in the war, you would understand the work of this organization better. Possibly some could tell you about being sick in bed, attended by Red Cross Nurses, and entertained by a victrola and three records. What a blessing that was! What joy it gave to the wounded! They listened to those charming records day in and day out.

Perhaps a little French or Belgian girl could tell you a more interesting story. Her mother had died from starvation. Her father had been killed fighting victoriously for France. She was left alone in the large world with two smaller sisters to care for. No food, no home, no clothes, and no money. What should she do? Day after day she tramped the ruined street begging for food. In the night she slept in a shell hole under God's roof, always sharing her part with her sisters. One day she was very much discouraged. She had had only one slice

of dry moldy bread during three days! As she sat weeping on the steps of a shelled house, she was startled by a light touch on her shoulder and looked up into the sweetest face she had ever beheld.

"Can I help you?" the lady had asked.

The little one with her sisters huddled at her feet replied, "If I only had something to eat."

This lady was a Red Cross Worker. She found a place for the three children, who are now very happy, and are supported by the money which the people give to the Red Cross. The Red Cross needs the money especially now! It is true the war is over, but there are still little children who are starving across the water. Imagine your child in a similar situation. Can you not spare one dollar to help these poor, suffering children and the Red Cross? Come, all join the organization this year, and aid the greatest mother of the world, the Red Cross, in continuing her saintly work.

C. T., '23.

A Local Character

"By gum, girls, let me tell you something. Yes, sir, that there door can be opened any time, anybody can come in, I don't care. Let them come in. Yes sir, those boys did it. Always up to something.

"What cha gonna do, play basketball? Wal, be sure and close the door when you come in. You know last night somebody left it open all night. When I got here—oh you didn't do it, wal I don't care. But somebody did it anyway, yes sir.

"Rheumatism, oof! Ever hear how I got kicked in the leg? Yes sir, that was when I was young and strong. Had a blacksmith's shop then. You know. Down there by those new fangled garages. One day a horse lit out and kicked me. Had an awful time over that. Was in the hospital fir a year. That's what started the rheumatism. Had it awful yesterday.

"Say did ja see the hall this morning. Chairs all over the place. Paper 'n everything all over the floor. Left it all

for me to clean up. I don't care. They always do. Always get everything in a heap and let me clean it up. Yes sir! The principal thought he would have Assembly this morning. But I wasn't going to fix those seats, no sir. Let the boys do it, they did it anyway. That's what I say.

Etc., etc. The voice gradually dies away in the distance.

Riddle! Who is it?

Dorothy Howe, 21.



"MIKE"

Thou kind and worthy friend of High School days,

Whose radiant countenance dispels the gloom
Incumbent on the dingy boiler room
Where thou devisest divers means and ways
The building's frigid temperature to raise,
Accept, we pray, this brief encomium
And let thy beatific visage loom

This page hereon, that we may fully praise
Thy character as it deserves. Thou art
A friend to those in need, with ready tool
In hall, in class-room, or in corridor;
Yet, humble, little know'st thou form'st a part
So indispensable to our school,—
Michael Fitzgerald, honored janitor!

Merrill C. Tenney, '22.

The Orchestra

The High School this year has been lucky enough to possess an orchestra once more. Soon after school opened, Miss Bartlett, supervisor of music, called together all the pupils who could play instruments and organized a twelve piece orchestra. Later we hope to obtain more players. Every Monday at 8 o'clock a rehearsal is held in the Stephen

Palmer School, as the High School Hall is otherwise occupied on that evening. The orchestra has played at the opening meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association and at the High School every Friday morning, leading the school in singing.

All pupils who are able to play an instrument are invited to join the orchestra.



The Christmas That Came

Behind a large, brightly decorated candy counter, Lulu Blaire stood, and "stood" aptly accounted for the expression on her pale face.

The people around her were in a world by themselves. At least, the tired little clerk thought so. Laughter, merry chatter everywhere save at the candy counter! On this day before Christmas it seemed as though everybody was light-hearted but Lulu. And she—well, she didn't dare to picture her Christmas.

Her melancholy mood was increased when she overheard a "happy-go-lucky" looking girl exclaim to her companion. "Why, of course, I am! And father is getting me a lovely fur coat, but mother changed her mind and thought that stunning little satin gown would be just the thing so she—"

Poor Lulu couldn't hear the rest. Fur coats and satin gowns! It made her heart ache to think that she should be deprived of the simplest comforts. To be sure she was twenty years of age, but few would have guessed it. The shop girl's life had suddenly transformed her into a woman of forty.

Pretty clothes—money—a good home—all these things, Lulu couldn't very well have. She lived with her mother, who wasn't very strong after the attack of pneumonia that fall. Their home consisted of three rooms in the cheaper part of the city. No matter how much Lulu tried, the place never seemed deserving of the word home. She went without many things that year, to help diminish the bills and expenses.

Lulu had an older sister, Belle, who was the mother's favorite, and Mrs. Blaire's motherly heart never ceased yearning for her when she ran away from home eight years ago, because she couldn't have all the freedom she de-

manded, in those blind years of her life.

All this picture came before Lulu's eyes for a moment, but a young lady wanting some candy brought Lulu back with a thud to the necessities of the present.

"I want two pounds of walnut creams, please," quietly remarked the lady, evidently distinguished in many ways.

Somehow, Lulu started. She remembered that her sister, too, always loved these creams.

"I-I'm sorry, but we don't keep them." The other lady's eyes met hers. Something in their large sparkling depths made Lulu picture Belle more than ever. Her heart seemed to open to this stranger at once. Lulu could never explain this feeling afterwards. For the moment, she seemed dazed.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?" kindly asked the stranger. "I suppose you do feel worn out from this Christmas rush."

"No-er-I'm just tired—but you do remind me of Belle, a sister I used to have."

"O, please do tell me about her." The lady suddenly took great interest.

"It's closing time in five more minutes, and if you care to wait, I'll explain to you, I seem able to confide in you as I've never done to anyone before," responded the excited sales girl.

Ten minutes later, Lulu found herself pouring out her troubles to this beautiful "strange lady" and concluded by saying, "You see, if only Belle could understand what she has done. Why it's killing mother, and she's been awfully sick. Now is the time to show her real worth. Belle was mother's favorite and is still. Mother broods over her and never loses hope. Somehow you remind me strongly of my sister, for though she

didn't realize what she was doing at the time, I know she's sorry for it, and we'll welcome her just the same."

The silence that followed seemed permeated with the Christmas Spirit. One girl telling her life's troubles, and the other suffering mute agony like the Christ Child.

Lulu suddenly glanced at her companion. Why! The girl was crying! And then that most wonderful gift of all—the greatest of Christmas gifts—the restoration of "peace on earth, good will to men" came in these words: "Lulu, can't you see that I'm your wicked sister? I knew you the first time I saw you, about two days ago. I came in at this hour just for an excuse to speak to you, but I saw that you did not recognize me. How is dear mother? I'm sorroy now for what I did but that can't be helped. I've married the best man ever and have been very happy. We moved here just a month ago, but I haven't had a chance to get out. From now on your troubles shall end, for mother and you are going to live with Roy and me. He is my husband, you know. Don't say a word to 'mumsie' yet, but I'll send the car over at 6:00 o'clock sharp. Be at the corner at East Street with mother, so as to make the more mystery out of it. Bye dear." With a kiss and embrace, she left.

To Lulu, life suddenly became transfigured with brightness of such a hue that the gold tinsel was dim in comparison.

She came into her musty "home" singing, skipping and evidently bubbling over with joy.

"Mother dear, quick, put on your clean best things, don't ask any questions. You're going to have the best Christmas present ever."

"Why, Lu, why—"

"Never mind, now, you'll know in half an hour."

Six o'clock found the bewildered Mrs. Blaire in a large limousine, going to what she thought "Paradise." The car stopped before a large brick house, just away from traffic and excitement, yet within the best residential limits.

A tall pretty figure came running toward the car, and when she met the gaze of Mrs. Blaire, she paled. All the memories of old returned. The Christmas spirit made her realize.

"Mother—mother," sobbed Belle, "will you forgive me?"

The scene that followed was indeed pathetic, and even the stern-faced chauffeur's eyes filled.

In a confiding undertone he mumbled to Lulu, "Reminds me of my own mother, miss, especially at Christmas." That there was a deep meaning to his sentence Lulu realized.

"Mother, you're going to live here always—you and Lulu, and Roy will be just overjoyed at such a Christmas present."

Roy's arrival at 6:30 completed the scene of joyous reunion. And when Lulu asked, "Tell us, Belle, what happened all these years," her sister replied: "O, Lu, don't talk about it now. I just had some pretty hard knocks, until I met Roy, then I knew what home meant, but I've always missed mother. Nothing or nobody shall part us now, shall they, mumsie?"

With a quavering voice, Mrs. Blaire said: "Providence has been very good to me dear, and this is indeed the best Christmas ever. Hark!"—and as they listened, the evening chimes played their glorious Christmas carol: "Peace on earth, good will to men." And in the Blaire family, the spirit of that little town ushered in the Christmas morning.

Amelia Ferran, '23.

Judge Wheeler had no son to give and did not feel he was doing his share. When Mary went to him in her simple way: "Daddy Wheeler, I have got to go to France," he did not persuade her to stay but made her a generous offer: Somewhere in France Mary should establish a soup kitchen, which Judge Wheeler was to finance, and was also to give first aid to any soldiers who came to her.

At the end of three months, we find in a deserted village, two miles behind the lines, Mary's soup kitchen. Mary had landed at Havre and after traveling for three days arrived in this small town. Here she found Rene, whose parents had been killed during the bombardment of the town. She kept him to help her with her work. Her hut was once a French peasant's cottage which had been partly destroyed by a bursting shell.

There were three rooms, one at the back of the building which Mary transformed into a kitchen with a large open fireplace at one end, a small table and a few chairs. In one of the front rooms she set up three cots, and also kept her first aid supplies in a small closet. The other room she used for her own. It was in this private refuge that Mary wrote her weekly reports to Judge Wheeler. At the beginning of every month Judge Wheeler would send his generous allowance to the Y. M. C. A., who in turn would send Mary her supplies.

Each night the soldiers came straggling up the rough road from the trenches all tired and worn, while fresh troops would march in never ending lines to the trenches. The lucky ones would return after a week or possibly a month's hard fighting. They would come to Mary for their share of the chow or have a wound washed and bandaged.

Mary would look at all the faces and endeavor to distinguish her brother. But

she did not become discouraged, because her work and her determination to find Bob proved an unfailing source of inspiration.

One night the sky was very dark, and the soldiers were few that came to the hut. The incessant rumbling in the distance seemed to be much louder than usual. The searchlights that scanned the sky for any Boche plane seeking destruction were ghostly.

Mary, sitting at the table in the salle a manger, knew another great Allied drive was taking place, and she prayed that her brother if he were there might be saved. Rene came up from the cellar where he had gone for protection and said, "Ah, mademoiselle, a great battle is being fought, the guns are much louder than before."

"Yes, Rene," she replied sadly, "there will be many wounded, we must work hard to have things ready."

That night they worked late preparing for the wounded and hungry.

Three days later, early in the morning, the soldiers started coming in thicker crowds up the shell destroyed road. It was on that morning that a young lieutenant crawled up to the door of Mary's hut and fell unconscious. He was badly wounded. Mary brought him in and dressed his wounds to the best of her ability. Her heart beat wildly, for she thought that he resembled her, but she dared only to hope that it might be her brother. At noon the young man opened his eyes for the first time.

She ventured to ask his name. The young lieutenant whispered, "Bob Darrin." Then Mary, lest the excitement be too much for him, asked about his life, and sure enough it was her brother. Her most cherished wish had come true.

Three days later when Lieutenant Darrin had sufficiently recuperated, he went to Dunkirk with Mary. From

there a message was sent across the water to Judge Wheeler. As a result the Judge received a slip of yellow paper, which he recognized as a message from Mary, and which bore the words,

"Dear Daddy, I have found Bob." Then he felt contented with his bit. At least he had made Mary happy.

Grace Godfrey, '22.

The Adventures of Men

It was in the land of the Yukon. The long summer day of the northland was over and the six long months of winter reigned. The whole land lay numb and frozen under its pall of snow and ice. The sky was as black as pitch contrasted with the glistening whiteness of the earth, while the stars shone out with a cold frosty light in their lurid depths. The place seemed uninhabited, but with the Aurora Borealis flaming coldly overhead, one might see a few straggling huts half buried in the ever-growing drifts. They were the homes of men who had left civilization in answer to a mad lust for gold. Some of these huts were as gloomy and melancholy in aspect as the barren stretches that surrounded them, while others showed unmistakable signs of occupancy.

From one shelter in particular voices sounded. The strumming of a banjo was heard, to be followed by a rich bass voice. If one had entered this hut, he would have witnessed a scene of perfect comfort and happiness away up in that frozen north.

Inside, was a scantily furnished abode. A huge fire was blazing in a large fireplace at one end of the room and a number of picks, shovels, and crowbars were placed in one corner. A rough hewn table stood in the middle of the single room and a few three-legged stools were scattered about.

Before the fire, on an upturned box, sat a negro violently picking the strings of his banjo and rolling his black eyes towards the ceiling. Beside him, pipe in

hand, stood a big red-headed Irishman singing in his powerful voice an old darky tune, which the Negro was playing, while near the table a little Chinaman busied himself preparing supper.

The singing went on for some time until the Chinaman, raising his slanting eyes from his work, said, "Supper allee samee ready if screechows have velly muchee time."

"Ah Wong," remarked the Negro after a slight pause in his music, "dere's two things thet ah like ter do, one's ter play and the other is ter eat, but ef ah doan eat ah can't play so cum on, Massa Pat, les fill our faces."

The three men sat down to their meal, both Pat and Sam making fun of the way in which Wong used his chop-sticks.

"Faith, 'tis now an' Oi know, Wong, why 'tis ye ne'er serve soup," said Pat. "Sure an' ye'd be out o' luck if ye had ter depend on a pair o' drum sticks like thim ter drink it wid."

Immediately the darkey melodic syllables poured forth. "Jes d' same, Massa Pat, ah'd ruther run a blunt stick inter ma mouf than thet dagger what yu've gut tha. Wha, honnes ter Moses, ebery time you put dat knife in, ah neber express ter see it agin."

"Wong allee samee eatee, no talkee. Hum, dinner belly goot." The Chinaman rubbed his stomach to express his words.

"Well, les change de subjec. Massa Pat, what luck did ya hab wid de gole minnin? Dere's a feller back dar on de ribber what says ees found more gole'n he kin carry."

"Now Sam, sure now an' 'tis Oi that's tellin' ye, 'tis me honnes opinion there ain't enuf gold in that river ter pay fer a ded man's meal ticket. Faith an' I've worked as only an Irishman kin. I've washed, washed, and washed. I've washed gravel, I've washed sand, and I've washed mud and 'tis shame faced Oi am ter show ye the fruits of me labors."

"Allee samee lucky man Pat. Looke me, I washee, washee, washee. I washee clollar, I washee shhirt, I washee pants, and all gettee for labor ees beeg dish dirty soap-water."

"Ha, Ha, Ha, well Ah've gut yu both beat flater'n mah old mammy. Jes look at me. Ah've washed, washed, and washed and ah'm still jes as black as tha day Ah was born."

"Sure, an ef the good Lord spares me till I reach God's country, 'tis straight back to the ole land I'll go. It strikes me I'd ruther be diggin spuds than asearth-in' around 'ere fur somethin' thet niver was."

"An, oh honey, ef ah ebber get back to dat land ob cotton, Ah'll nebber, nebber, nebber cool ma ideals and hambitions in a refrigerator country like dis.

Ah'll spend der rest ob ma life a-raisin' watermelons. O you watermelon, it's so long since Ah had a taste Ah wouldn't know what end ter start at!"

"An Wong likee velly much a gettee home to hees frens, or somewhere they no tellee him a lokkee out an no swallee hees chop-sticks."

"Ah, something tells me it's time to go to roost. Let's turn in fellers. Ah've gut a beeg day's work to do next spring an Ah'm jes about all in."

"Sure an Oi secund that motion, Sam, there's no raison in earth fur us ter be cock-crowin around 'ere this hour of the night. Let's go to bed."

The three arose from the table in silence and it was not long before each was sound asleep in his bunk.

The great fire on the hearth slowly died down. Mother Night clothed the hut in darkness. A dense silence held all in its gloating clutches. The place looked uninhabited, but one might see a few straggling huts showing that man had conquered the terrors of the frozen north, and had entered the land of the ice-locked Yukon—God's Country!

William Gerard Stephenson, '21.

In A Piece of Coal

It was midnight. The curiously carved clock which stood in the corner had just struck the hour. A lamp burning low under a deep, red shade cast a half subdued light over everything except a black vase on a nearby shelf. On this vase, which was so small and yet so full of mystery, the lamp-light glowed almost brilliantly, making the yellow eyes of the bloody dragon painted on it gleam with viciousness. A scent of burning incense pervaded the room. It was a Chinese curio-shop, rich with treasure from the Orient. All was silent in that room, noth-

ing rustled or whispered about what might disturb the stillness.

There was a movement of silken curtains at the back of the shop. A man entered—no, glided—into the room. It was the owner of the shop, Ho Wun. Having carefully drawn all the window-shades and locked the door, to insure no one's seeing his actions in the shop, he walked to the shelf where the snarling dragon stood guard. Ho Wun's long, yellow, emaciated hands reached eagerly for the sinister object. He drew out something from the vase that appeared

to be a piece of coal.

Ho Wun handled the object fondly, murmuring the while to himself, "Ah, my treasure, my treasure! The rich treasure the white men will never find." Then, by some seemingly magic contrivance, the piece of coal in Ho Wun's hand opened up into two parts, one hollowed out, into which the other fitted. But why should Ho Wun treasure a piece of coal? Was there yet another mystery? Ah yes! A sly smile stole over Ho Wun's face as he touched a hidden spring. He said again, "My treasure!" for there, in a hidden recess, lay a large black diamond.

Ho Wun gave a sigh of relief. It was still there! His treasure! No one had taken it! No one ever would—for who would think to look in a piece of hollowed out coal, hidden away in a small painted vase, for a valuable black diamond. He put the coal into the vase, and placed it once more on the shelf where the light of the red-shaded lamp would shine on it always, as if to accuse it of hiding a stolen treasure, even after that treasure might be gone.

His green, cat-like eyes glowed no less brilliantly than the flaming ones of the red dragon. Ho Wun put out the light and noiselessly, like the cat which he resembled, crept to his bedroom behind the shop. Fifteen minutes later the light of the little bedroom was out and a silent blackness reigned over the room. Another fifteen minutes of awful silence elapsed and then there was a sound of cautious moving in the corner of the shop nearest the street door. From behind a Chinese screen of silk appeared the dark crouched form of a man.

Earlier that evening, John Pemberton, head of the Secret Service of San Francisco, had looked at his watch. It was eight o'clock. He rang a bell, and to the man who answered it, he said:

"Tell Detective Gilman I wish to speak with him." Gilman soon appeared, and after he had closed the door, Pemberton said:

"I have important work for you to-night, Gilman, and I know I can trust you to get what I want. Sit down and I'll tell you. Last week a ship came here from Africa and on that ship was a valuable black diamond which the captain thought was carefully guarded. But when they got here it was gone. Now there were a lot of Chinese coolies aboard and the captain thought one of them stole it. How, when and where he didn't know. He informed me at once, and I've been at work ever since with some of the other detectives. We've traced it to a Chinese curio-shop, kept by a sly old man, Ho Wun. Now it's your job to go to that shop and find out anything about the diamond. If you see it, bring it here. It is no easy job, Gilman," he said as the detective rose, "but I know you'll come back with something of value."

During the four hours since dusk a man had been lurking in the neighborhood of Ho Wun's little shop. He now approached the window and his movements proved him to be Gilman. Peering in at the window he saw there was no one in the shop, not even Ho Wun, though the turned down light showed he had not yet gone to bed.

Gilman crept cautiously around to the front of the shop and seeing the door was still open he walked in. A large silk screen loomed before him. He hid behind this and none too soon for Ho Wun entered the shop through the silken curtains. Unaware of the enemy lurking behind the screen, Ho Wun betrayed the secret he had guarded so carefully these many years. After Ho Wun had gone into his bedroom, Gilman, with the aid of his flashlight, reached the magic vase.

Failing to notice in his eagerness the flaming eyes of the bloody dragon, he put his hand into the blackness within and drew forth the piece of coal. His heart leaped with joy! He had found the stolen treasure! He had proved his worth!

It was but the work of a moment to open the door and step out into the dark street. He hurried through the darkness, driven on by his eagerness. Down the by-street he ran, stopping only when there was danger of encountering a night-watchman.

When he arrived at John Pemberton's office he was in a state of great excitement. He burst into the room and said without formality:

"I think I've got it, Pemberton."

"Got what?" Pemberton, absorbed in other things, looked up in surprise.

"The black diamond," answered Gilman.

"Black diamond!" Pemberton jumped from his chair and demanded almost angrily, "Where did you get it?"

"In Ho Wun's shop," replied the detective, amazed at this turn of events.

"Good Lord, man, did he really have one then?"

"Have one? Wasn't he supposed to?"

"No, the whole darn business was a fake to test your mettle and now what in the world will we do with this diamond?"

But Gilman never remained to hear the rest. Shame taught him an ignominious exit. And burning in his memory, doomed to haunt him forever, was the spiteful hiss of the dragon and the metallic laugh of the little clock in Ho Wun's shop that night.

Eleanor Jones, 22.

The Forfeited Inheritance

The fire in the grate burned low, and midnight had just sounded from the neighboring church tower, as McGarvey arose, tossed his book on the table, and yawned.

"Ho-um!" said he, as he stretched himself. "Whew! I'm tired! Here it is twelve, and I have to leave for Virginia tomorrow morning. Oh well! such is life! But me for bed now, unless Somers appears with a hasty letter from the boss. He always leaves things till the last minute."

He had retired to his bedroom, and was endeavoring to remove his necktie without burning his fingers, when three sharp, hollow raps sounded on his study door.

"That you, Somers?" he called. "Come in."

The door swung open slowly, and a tall, wiry man of athletic build stepped

into the study. His face was neither repulsive nor particularly prepossessing. His square, firm chin, and close, thin lipped mouth indicated a will as immovable as Gibraltar. His forehead was high; his eyes were deeply sunken and lustreless from lack of sleep. His features were drawn and strained, giving him the appearance of a man who had undergone some terrible experience, and had barely avoided nervous prostration.

The stranger looked hastily around the study, and not seeing anyone, said, "Where are you?"

"Right here," replied McGarvey, coming out of his bedroom, "what is the matter now? Has the boss told you to bring me some message?"

"I don't know what to say. When you left the office tonight it was definitely settled that you leave for Virginia tomorrow morning. About fifteen minutes

after you left, a young fellow came in and asked to see Mr. Sweeney. He was an officious sort of person, seemed to know it all. I did not like him, he was entirely too smooth and accommodating to be honest. He said he was a lawyer, and had some important business to transact. He and Mr. Sweeney were in conference for an hour, and when they came out of the office, chalk would have made a black mark on Sweeney's face. When the lawyer had gone, he told me to go with you tomorrow, or rather today, for it is now one o'clock, on the first train. He says we must carry no papers of value to the firm, all reports if any are made, must be written in cipher, under no circumstances are we to divulge to strangers, or even acquaintances, what our commission is."

"Is that so? Has the boss given us some extra work? I thought all I had to do was to purchase the DeLancey place, pass the papers, and come home; and here he sends you along with a pack of mysterious instructions. What's caused this trouble? I'm glad of your company, but I can't say that I relish exceedingly the idea of becoming entangled in a legal snarl, for that is what this looks like."

"Here is a sealed letter Sweeney gave me for you," said Somers; "perhaps this will explain it," whereupon he handed McGarvey an envelope. McGarvey hastily tore it open, unfolded the letter, and read the following message:

A. D. Sweeney & Co., Real Estate Brokers
4457 Eighty Seventh Street, New York City

October 18, 1903.

Mr. F. J. McGarvey,
685A Sixty-Third Street,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Owing to some rather startling development in the DeLancey Estate, you, as representative of our firm, are ordered to take the 4.58 train tomorrow for Virginia. Mr. B. L. Somers, the bearer of this letter, will accompany you.

Reach Spofford, Va., as early as possible, and spare neither time nor expense. Be sure that you secure all back deeds belonging to the estate; and under no conditions allow anyone to purchase the estate before you, if time, money, or effort can secure it; pay for it, and have the deed made out in your name. In no case mention my name. Leave Spofford immediately after completing the deal. This concerns me personally and is more than mere business for the firm.

Yours respectfully,

Alfred D. Sweeney.

"Well," said Somers, as McGarvey threw the letter into the grate, "what's the news?"

"We leave the Pennsylvania Station at 4.58," said McGarvey. "We go to Richmond and then to Spofford, Va. He gave no direct information, but dropped several hints which I cannot comprehend. "But," continued he, glancing at the clock, "it's 1.51 now. We must leave here in a little over two hours. You haven't your bag here, I suppose?"

"No, I haven't. I'll go home and pack it. Where shall I meet you?"

"At the station, at 4.15. You'll have to hurry. Good-bye."

Two days later the two young men stood in the office of the DeLancey's lawyer, in Spofford. The office boy informed McGarvey that Mr. Barr was busy, but that he would probably be at liberty in fifteen minutes.

They had waited about ten minutes, when a young man emerged from the lawyer's private office. He was clad very stylishly, and had the irresponsible, carefree manner characteristic of persons who dress extravagantly. His face might be called handsome, were it not for a sly and treacherous expression of his eyes. McGarvey was most unfavorably impressed with the fellow. Somers tried to look non-committal.

The stranger took his hat from a chair on the opposite side of the room, and was turning to leave the office, when he

confronted Somers. He gasped, and nearly lost his equilibrium, both mentally and physically. Quickly recovering himself, however, he endeavored to appear calm, and as speedily as possible departed.

When he had gone, Somers turned to McGarvey and said, "That's the identical fellow who so upset Sweeney the other night. Who do you suppose he is? He seemed quite disconcerted by my appearance."

"We may know in a few minutes," returned McGarvey. "Here comes the office boy."

"Mr. Barr will see you-all now," announced the youngster, opening the door of the private office.

The two entered, and closed the door after them. "Take a seat," said the lawyer, "and make yourselves comfortable. What can I do for you?"

McGarvey replied that he had come to inquire about the DeLancey estate, and would like to purchase the farm if possible.

The lawyer looked grave. "I'm sorry but I can't sell it yet," he said. "Circumstances won't permit."

"Why not?" demanded McGarvey. "I understood that it was to be sold at the best price possible, and that the proceeds were to be apportioned among various charitable institutions, according to Mr. DeLancey's will. I will pay whatever you ask but I must have the place."

During this conversation Somers appeared restless, and more than once seemed to be about to speak, though he restrained himself.

"I should be delighted to oblige you," replied Mr. Barr, "but new developments have taken place. We thought we had the estate settled, when we suddenly discovered a later will conveying the property to Rowena M. DeLancey, who was Mr. DeLancey's daughter, or to her

descendants. Now, here is the difficulty. We have not been able to locate either the daughter, or any of the descendants. The son, Alfred S. DeLancey, ran away from home, disgraced the family, and was disinherited as a result. Although he has no claim he might be able to give some information, but we cannot find him. A young man, purporting to be his son, and rightful heir, was just in here, but I fear his claim is false, since he can advance no valid or convincing proof. I wish I knew whether there are any descendants on the daughter's side. I remember she married a Yankee—I forget his name,—he was a Boston man. If some one rightful heir should step forward, and claim the estate, you might do business with him, or her, but at present I can tell you nothing definite."

While the lawyer was thus talking, McGarvey noticed that Somers was becoming more and more agitated. When Mr. Barr had finished speaking, Somers exclaimed, "Mr. Barr, did you ever see Rowena DeLancey?"

"Yes, oh yes!" replied the gentleman. "I knew her as a child. I was an old friend of the family."

"Then," said Somers in a trembling voice, removing a small leather case from his coat pocket, and handing it to the lawyer, "does that resemble her?"

Mr. Barr opened the case, and looked at the picture it contained. "Resemble her!" he cried. That is Rowena DeLancey as surely as I am a man. Where did you get it?"

Somers ignored the question. "Do you recognize this ring?" he inquired, placing a small gold circlet in the lawyer's hand.

"That was her ring. I remember the day her father gave her that," said the old lawyer. "She was a little girl then. But how did you gain possession of it?"

"By inheritance," replied Somers.

"She was my mother. She died in my early childhood. I never knew her name until I found these among some papers my father left me. I never thought of my connection with this estate until a few days ago, when it occurred to me that my mother was a DeLancey." Then, as he produced some documents and papers, he said, "Here are the proofs that I am heir to the estate."

The lawyer carefully scrutinized them. Finally he spoke, "Without doubt the estate is yours. As soon as I can complete the necessary work you shall have it."

Then he turned to McGarvey. "I am sorry, sir, but you will have to deal with your friend here. I can do nothing now."

Somers arose, "Come, Mac, we must be moving. We will not detain Mr. Barr any longer. Good day!" And he walked out, followed by McGarvey, who was too amazed to speak.

In a few days Somers' claims were settled, and he became the possessor of property amounting to approximately seventy-five thousand dollars worth in real estate, and perhaps twenty-five thousand in securities. The two returned to New York and reported at the office.

Mr. Sweeney was waiting for them, and immediately conducted them into his private office. "What luck?" he eagerly demanded, smiling to McGarvey.

"None at all,—could not purchase it, sir," was the answer.

"Why not? Was there a—I mean did someone buy it first?"

"No," said McGarvey slowly. "Mr. Barr said that they had found a new will, giving the property to Rowena DeLancey, or heir. The heir appeared and claimed the property."

"I confess I am disappointed," said Sweeney. "However, I don't blame you. Who was the fortunate heir?"

"There he sits," said McGarvey, pointing to Somers.

"What!" cried the astonished Sweeney, "are you the son of Rowena Meredith DeLancey?"

"Yes," answered Somers, "I am."

"You are the very man I have been seeking for the past twenty-five years," said the overjoyed boss. "You are my nephew! My real name is Alfred Sweeney DeLancy." Saying this he produced from his own pocket an exact duplicate of the picture Somers had shown the lawyer. "She was my only sister, the only one who stood by me when I was overwhelmed in disgrace," said he. "I am glad to have found her son. You shall be my partner in this concern."

Somers thanked him, and asked about the fellow whom he had met in Mr. Barr's office, and whom he had previously seen with Mr. Sweeney.

"I know him," said Sweeney, or rather, DeLancey. "His father was a former enemy of mine and knew too much about me. This rascal threatened to blackmail me unless I would furnish him proofs so that he could pose as my son and claim the estate. The proofs I gave, though, were purposely insufficient, so I knew I was in no danger from that quarter. I planned to purchase the estate, and, after retiring from business, I would go there to live. I am glad, though, that you now have it," continued he, addressing Somers, "and I trust you will not misuse it. I assure you that I have repented of my youthful follies, which have cost me so dear. Will you allow me to visit the estate when you go there?"

"Gladly, uncle," replied Somers.

"Thank you, my boy," said the boss. "I appreciate your kindness. Doubtless the old place is better off in your hands than in mine, and I trust that never again it shall be a forfeited inheritance."

Merrill C. Tenney, '22.

Moonlight In The Valley

. . . By the pillar gazing northward,
There I stood one August night,
Saw the peaceful, silent valley
Dreaming in the silvery light.

On the meadow there below me,
Trees that by the roadside grow,
Cast their silhouette of shadows,
Darkening spires in a row.

In the east the moonlit mountains
Rising ever majestic, bold,
With their green tops ever starward,
Rugged skyline always hold.

'Neath the trees in leafy hollow
Flecks of moonlight on the ground.
Here and there a cricket's chirping,
Somewhere else a luring sound.

And the world seems different always
Than it did by light of day.
There is only joy and happiness,
For the cares are chased away.

Then I turned into the southward,
When the moon in shining bright,
Flooding all the world with joy,
Like Truth's wondrous light.

"When the day seems long and weary
And our cares are far from light,
Remember, God will comfort always."
Is the message of this night.

E. J., '22.

Woman's Invasion of the Business-World

"Papees, papar—r! Read all about it! Woman invades the business world. Extra! Extra—a—a!"

A small, rugged urchin stood on the corner of a bustling city thoroughfare crying out at the top of his lungs, and trying to sell a large bundle of papers clutched under one arm. I was hurrying to catch an evening train, but, being attracted by the shrill voice of the little newsboy I turned my footsteps in his direction and purchased a paper.

As I continued my way, dodging in and out among the scurrying people, I began to wonder vaguely what the women were up to now. I reached the station and, after I had seated myself comfortably in one of the velvet seats of the train, I took out the evening paper. My attention was almost instantly attracted to a large editorial on the first page. It read:

"Boston, Dec. 10.

To the Men of the Commonwealth:—

Perhaps you have noticed that, during the last year, the women have made wonderful gains in their efforts to get control of both the business and social worlds. You must recall the numerous "Votes for Women" campaigns, that were carried on in this state, and you can also remember their victory, their registration in October, and their voting in November. But there is another phase, which very few of you have noticed, and that is: the women have not only invaded the political world but also the business world.

Almost every business is threatened by a rush of babbling women, who think they can show the men a few things. Why, it was only yesterday that I took a ride with a woman taxicab driver. What will happen if the shoe industry of this state falls into their hands? They will start pulling out all kinds of fancy high-heeled French shoes and we poor men will have to go barefooted. Don't ever put your money into a bank that has a Woman President, because, surer than a fate, some day you will find your money sunk in some bottomless stock market.

Worst of all, some one of these fine days we'll find women holding the political offices of the state. So wake up, men! If we let the women get ahead of us now they will soon become too strong to stop. Politics to a certain extent is

suitable for a woman, but when it comes to business she should stay at home.

Take my advice men! Arouse yourselves to the realization of the fact that this is truly a serious matter and act accordingly.

Yours truly,

THE EDITOR."

I meditated for a while on the contents of the editorial, re-reading certain parts in order to obtain a clearer meaning, and, as I thrust the paper into my pocket, I breathed a silent prayer:

"God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

W. G. S., '21.

The World War

I now will try carefully to relate,
The terrible war from date to date.
First came the shocking news from France
That the Kaiser was trying to make the whole
world dance.

The English, the Russian, the Belgian, the
Greek,

Sent their forces to France to defend the weak.
The Belgians retreated, the Germans advanced,
The British, perplexed, took a fighting chance.

When at last under Joffre the French turned at
bay,

At the Marne with Paris a few miles away,
The Germans were halted on that day in Sep-
tember,

And were given a beating they will always
remember.

Soon they retreated over mountain and vale,
And dared not to face the leaden hail.

At last behind the Hindenburg line,
They stayed there for four years of time.

The Lusitania then was sunk,
By a submarine now fit for junk.

Then Italy marched into the fight in Fifteen,
The advantage of which will soon be seen.

Next came the great battle near Fort Verdun,
Followed by Somme River none too soon.

Then Uncle Sam from across the sea came,
With his hundreds of thousands to enter the
game.

Soon Russia deserted us in the lurch,
And gave to Germany her greatest perch.

The Huns then left their safe retreat,
And the way they fought was hard to beat.
The Germans to the Yankees that memorable
day,

Surrendered their long undisputed sway.

The Germans grew shaky and finally gave in,
And all o'er the world there was a dreadful din.
Thus you have heard from beginning to end,
The great world war which we can't compre-
hend.

Francis Eaton, '23.

Right Conquers Wrong

The tall, shaded lamp cast a weird,
dull glow over the room. Half dozingly
seated in an arm chair was a young man.
The clock struck twelve, the young man
rose, yawned, and stretched himself.
Walking to the table in the center of the
room he pressed a bell summoning a liv-
ery clad figure. "Halbert, guess I'll retire
now; turn out the light and put another
log on the fire, for when Dad comes in
he'll want to warm himself." After see-
ing that these instructions were obeyed,
the man followed his servant out of the
room and closed the door. The room left
in half darkness was occasionally lighted
up by the flicker of a sudden flame. It
was evidently the room of a millionaire,
as could easily be seen by the furniture
and curios. Odd Persian rugs on the
floor, a curiously carved clock on the
mantle ticking away the minutes, on the
wall a wonderfully wrought tapestry
which sparkled and deepened by turns
as the fitful light struck it. All was still
save for the incessant ticking of the clock
and an occasional crack of the fire as a
flame tried to outdo its neighbor in a
sudden splurging brightness but which
soon spent itself and became nothing but
ashes. A tap was heard on the window
pane; very slowly and cautiously the
window was opened, at first hesitatingly,
then more boldly. A small form slid
through the window, bringing with it
the cold tingle of the winter night.

Then as slowly as it had been opened, the window was closed. As the form drew nearer the fire, one was able to perceive that this intruder was a small boy, poorly clothed and thin. He stopped for a moment by the fire to warm his hands, but at the same time looked about him. His eyes fell finally on the tapestry hanging on the wall. A smile half of joy, yet with a touch of sorrow, lit up his face for a moment. Leaving the fire he took a chair and placed it underneath the tapestry, then stepping upon the chair he tried to unfasten the tapestry. But tacks are troublesome and finicky things which require time and patience. A slight breeze stirred the curtains, the door had been opened softly. With a start the youngster turned around almost upsetting himself. Standing by the fire, warming his hands, was an elderly man in a dress suit, tall hat and black overcoat. Apparently he thought himself alone but finally his gaze rested on the forlorn figure standing on the chair.

"My boy," he said softly, "is there anything I can do for you? I thought you might want something, perhaps money or food. You seem very interested in that tapestry. It is beautiful, isn't it?" Receiving no answer he continued, "I got that in China years ago when I was traveling there. Bought it in a curio shop. Seems that it has had a queer past history. It once belonged to an emperor who was killed one night while standing beneath it. His wife, having an intense hatred of it, sold it for a very small price and just by luck I bought it. Yes, it is beautiful. But, my boy, hard as it would be for me to part with it I would be more willing to give it to you than to have you take it." By this time the little head was hung in shame. "My boy," continued the voice, "what would your mother say if she could know about this? And even if no one is near an all

watching eye perceives everything, good and bad alike. Now, let me help you down from that chair. Tell me your story." Two brown eyes overflowing with manly tears were raised and a tremulous voice which tried to gain strength spoke up:

"Mister, my mother is dead. She died last year and my little sister is sick and has had nothing to eat since yesterday. I sell newspapers in the daytime, but today I lost some of my money and the boss fired me. If it was only myself I wouldn't mind, but my dear little sister," the voice faltered then after a pause went on, "I was driven to desperation and when I saw this house, so beautiful and inviting I just couldn't help myself."

"Now, sonny, let me help you. You must be hungry and cold. Stay here for a minute. I will be back." Leaving the room he soon returned carrying a tray on which was a substantial supper. "Help yourself, I will give you more for your little sister. Tell me where you live and to-morrow I shall come to see her." Trying to cover his hunger by eating as slowly as he possibly could, the little child had soon demolished his meal.

"Mister, how will I thank you?" he whispered almost reverently.

"Well, sonny, the best reward you could give me would be to know that you would never steal again. Now, you are tired, go home and sleep, forget your troubles." So saying, he pushed the boy before him and led him to the front door.

"And sonny," he continued, "always remember this: 'Right conquers Wrong.'" After the door had closed behind him the little boy lifted his face to the stars. "Right conquers Wrong," he whispered.

* * *

Years have gone by. The elderly man has died and the young man is now

aging. A letter with the name of a well known business firm heading it, is in his hand. It bears these three words, "Right conquers Wrong."

Winifred Butler, '22.

Superstitions of Shakespeare's Time

Superstitions are gradually modified as time goes on and eventually become merely customs, but the merging of the one into the other is so slow a process that it is impossible to make a dividing line between the two. Usually a superstition appears to us a dry and uninteresting fact until we know the outgrowth of it. Seldom have historians of this subject assigned certain stages of it to any definite period. They have almost without exception ignored dates and even allusions to centuries. Therefore I cannot confine myself solely to the superstitions of Shakespeare's time as my topic would imply, but must begin before his time, tracing its origin back as far as Greece and Rome.

Marriage portents and forms are perhaps the most interesting. Among the Romans, June was considered a most appropriate month for marriages. May spirits were thought adverse to happy households. The desire of a maid to see her future husband appears to have prevailed from earliest times, but one of olden days seems to excel even our Hal-lowe'en pranks in its nonsensical form which is, if a girl agitate the water in a bucket or throw eggs over the head of another person, she will see the image of her future husband. An unhappy union was to be feared by the couple if on the way to the church they met a priest, a hare, a dog, a cat or a lizard; while a wolf, spider or toad symbolized good fortune, a somewhat curious distinction to us at the present day. Couples

were accompanied to the altar 'midst a concert of bells and saucepans, or this very sweet band might be reserved until the evening when the couple had gone to their home.

A part of the marriage ceremony was a present of money from the bridegroom to the bride, a sort of purchase of her person, which later became the "morgengabe," or morning gift, that the bride had the right to name. In England the "Daw purse" took its place and a trace of it existed as late as the nineteenth century in Cumberland, where the bridegroom, when the sermon reached a certain point, gave the clergyman his fee and poured the rest of the gold coins he had brought, into a handkerchief held by the bridesmaid for the bride. The exact origin of the ring is not known. However, it was formerly given as a completion of a contract and came to be symbolic of eternity.

In the betrothal of children among the Anglo-Saxons, a pledge or 'wed', was given, a term from which wedding is derived. A part of this ceremony consisted of a ring put on the maiden's right hand and transferred to the left at marriage. The father gave the son-in-law one of his daughter's shoes. This denoted a change of authority and the bride was made to feel the change by a blow on the head.

In Queen Elizabeth's days a wedding was a joyous festival where the pair of nobility to be wedded gave presents, such as scarves or gloves in their favorite colors, to the guests. Then followed banquets, pageants and masques. A gay procession and penny banquet, in which each paid his expense, corresponded among the humble to the formal ceremonies.

Other superstitions have not been elaborated upon so extensively as those of marriage and only two or three are

worthy of mention. Bees were attributed with human feelings, particularly when slighted or not informed of deaths and when witnesses of quarrels.

On St. John's day a fire was kindled in a public place. The materials for this fire were charitable gifts or boons from whence comes the term bonfire.

The moon was believed to have various effects according as it was rising or waning. Any state of weather was attributed to the moon and it also decided the time to kill stock as well as happiness in marriage.

Superstitions of death do not differ much from those quoted at the present day. Many trivial beliefs of households and every day occurrences are rapidly vanishing with the advancement of education.

At the present day, when we are fast getting away from superstition, we are only interested in the olden beliefs as they affected our literature. To know these olden customs enables us to understand many references in Shakespeare's works which otherwise would be meaningless. Thus we have a keener enjoyment of our classics, which are so often drudgery for us to read, and only because our knowledge of the times is so inadequate.

Elizabeth Williams, '21.

Overheard In A Sleeping Car

While in my compartment, preparing to retire, I heard some voices. At first faint; gradually they became louder, and then I heard someone entering the compartment next to mine. I realized in a few minutes that it was the couple that boarded the train the same time I did. They came from one of these small New England towns. This fact I could tell by their manner of speech. Since

the compartments are so near together and the partitions so thin, I could not help hearing this very amusing conversation:

"Oh! Joe, to think that after all these years of wondering and waiting we should be going to Niagara Falls together."

"Yes, such silly notions some of you sentimental women have of wanting to go to Niagara Falls after you are married. Instead of going on such a silly, wild-goose chase I should be at home working, and getting money so we can have a nice home. But here I am persuaded by a woman to spend my hard-earned money instead of saving it."

"But, just think, Joe, I have always dreamed of going on this trip with you, and after fearing all these years that the frightful old gossip, Myra would marry you."

"There you go, bring someone else into it. You make me sick. I wish I had married her. Now, **she** would not have wanted me to run around like this, spending my money instead of helping me earn it."

"Joe," sobbingly, "to think that you would say such things on the first day of our honeymoon." Now, almost crying, "I wish y-you h-had mar-r-ried her n-now, t-too, then y-you wouldn't h-have to be scolding m-m-me."

"There, there, you women all think you can get the best of men by crying, but, let me tell you, I don't care how much you cry. Why don't some of you women be sensible once in a while?"

"Joe, what is the matter with you? You were always so nice before we were married."

"I don't care, you women make me sick. You get such funny notions into your heads and want to be so romantic. Now stop primping up and get into bed, nobody cares if your hair is all crimped

or not. Come on, hurry up, I'm going to sleep."

About fifteen minutes after that an impressive silence ensued; then all of a sudden I heard a queer noise. I listened intently to determine what it was. Finally I decided that her better half had fallen asleep, an opinion which was confirmed by rhythmical snoring. And by this gentle melody I, too, was wafted into Slumberland.

Lillian A. Metzger, '21.

Why I Like the Modern Novel

All the modern novels may be divided into three groups: first, the "movie" group; second, the "mushy" group; third, the "glad" group. I will now try to show why it is that I enjoy reading any volume in any of these groups.

The "movie" group is composed of books written primarily for use on the screen or else are simply the "novelization", to speak, of the film. I find great enjoyment in reading these for the reason that it is interesting to note the more or less (usually less) skilful method by which the author tries to disguise his creation as a well written novel. The chapters can invariably be recognized as identical with "episodes" of a serial or the "parts" of a regular film play.

The second, or "mushy" group is too well known to need any explanation, but I will say this only: these so-called novels are nothing but a single love story so changed that they deceive and interest a certain class of people. It is quite interesting to see in what costume the same story has appeared **this time**.

The last group, which I have entitled "glad" for obvious reasons, is not large. A few authors have made fortunes by

writing this sort of story. However, this style is nearly worn out. One of these books will satisfy the ordinary thirst. Some people will try another, but nearly all stop before ending it. It is much too similar to the first. In each, a little girl (always a girl) performs miracles by being happy under all circumstances. She reforms a town, saves a prisoner from death, or turns a "money grabbing" banker into a model of generosity. I would not miss such passages as the following if I could possibly help it:

"Now," replied her aunt, "I am going to give you a dollar"—

"Oh, I am so glad," sang Mary, "now I can buy little Jimmie Jones a new hobby-horse."

"Keep still, Mary! and listen to me, I said that I was going to give you a dollar and send you to the store"—

"Oh, how glad I am! They have a beautiful hobby-horse there." (Where else would they be likely to have one for sale?)

"Keep still, Mary," her aunt shouted, "I am going to send you to the store to buy"—

"Oh, but I am glad! I like to buy things."

"KEEP STILL, Mary! You are to buy a new lamp"—

"I am glad of that because"—

"KEEP STILL or I will spank you."

"I am so glad you are going to spank me. I don't like to be switched."

Her aunt takes her forcibly into the next room and in a moment comes out and procures a slipper.

They reappear.

"I am glad, glad, glad, because you used a slipper and not a book!"

Do you wonder that these books are popular?

Richard Holman, '22.

“Polly of Our Alley”

This is about my best friend. Her name is Polly. That's not her whole name. Her whole name is Polly Caroline Marshall, but we call her Polly because the rest makes it too long if you want her in a hurry, and we usually want her quick if we want her at all. Polly lives with her mother just around the corner from my house. We don't live in an alley, but that's just what we call it. It really is a street—a pretty dirty one, though, but it's awfully narrow, so I suppose it might be called an alley.

Now, Polly is my best friend, but I said that before. She's lots older than me. She's nineteen, so you see she is quite old 'cause I'm only twelve.

She's awfully good. Always doing something nice for somebody else. Her mother is the same way, but she can't do what she wants to 'cause she's an—well—she's sick and can't walk. She's always in a wheel chair, but she is a lovely woman, though—I go to see her lots, and sometimes wheel her around. Gee! It's fun!

P'raps I'd better tell you about her so you'll see why she's down in the district where I live. Oh, yes—first, I'll tell you my name. Polly named me. I didn't have any name when she first came to our alley. Pa and Ma didn't decide on one 'cause Ma wanted **Annie**, and Pa, **Maggie**, 'cause his Ma's name was Maggie, so they never gave me any until Polly came; and then they liked the name she thought of so that's the one I've got: **Betty Marie**—don't you love that? That's the part she gave me, but my last name spoils that. It's **O'Hennesy**! I hate that “O”. Hennesy isn't bad, though!

Well, anyway, her mother always wanted to be a—well—to help people like us in the place we live in. She was

hurt, though—before she could start in—but, Polly came to ‘our alley’ anyway and is doing the work her Ma would have done.

Now, Maggie Murphy—little Josie Murphy's ma has been awfully sick and all the time Polly took care of her until she was all better and—so's she could wash again, an—. When Mary Turpen's baby was sick an' near died, why Polly took care of it and all the little Turpens, too—an'—why—Mrs. Marshall sent them lots of things to eat. She's a lovely cook, even though she is in a wheel chair. She has Polly wheel her to see old Mrs. Carter every afternoon 'cause Mrs. Carter has rheumatics and is in bed and can't move. She had nervous persuasion, too!

Oh! Polly is the grandest girl. Why, only yesterday when Ma slipped down rich Mrs. Flewelling's kitchen stairs on a piece of soap, when she was washing them, why—Polly came over and is taking care of us kids while Ma's ankle is gettin' better—think of it—Polly taken care of us—dirty lot that we are—eight of us. My, but she scrubs our faces and hands and necks till they are as red as—why anything that is real red. We get lovely things to eat, too, from Mrs. Marshall, an' my, don't we hate to go **out**, an' we used to hate to stay **in**!

Say, Polly'd be mad if she knew I was writing this, so p'raps I'd better stop. My ink's almost gone, anyway, 'an' I have to leave some for Ma, 'cause she has ta use some to write a note to tell Mrs. Flewelling that she'll come in a week or so, and that she's sending Mary Muellen to take her place till she can come. Guess I'll sign my name instead of putting “The End,” like you see in books. I love to write it anyway.

Betty Marie O'Hennesy.

Wish I could leave off that “O”. S'awful, ain't it? Dorothy Vernon, '21.

From "*The Storm*," in Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book I

Aeolus, king of the winds, one day,
Bribed by fair Juno in every way,
Drove his spear into the mountain cave,
Doors and outlets then he gave
To the winds, howling, raging,
East, South, West meeting, engaging
Now in a whirlwind across the land,
Now rolling huge waves upon the sand.
Then there followed the shouts of men,
Creaking of rigging again and again.
'Twas the ships of Aeneas, the brave
Tossed by the winds, loosed from the cave.
Men from Troy so far away,
Journeying now to where Italy lay.
Winds hid the clouds, the sky, the day,
Blackness of night on the water lay.
Heavens thundered, the lightning flashes,
Over the ship a vast wave splashes.
Would there be left a little breath
In those men, or was it death?

Eleanor Jones, '22.

Virgil for Beginners

An English translation of a portion of
the *Aeneid* into English and United
States. Translated by Mutt and Jeff.

The Storm

When thus he (Eolus) had spoken, he smote
The cavernous side of the mountain;
And out from their dungeons the winds
Wherever an exit was given,
Rushed forth, like a battle-line forming,
And over the lands of the earth
They sweep with the hurricane's power.
Stirred up are the depths of the sea;
Huge billows are dashed 'gainst the shore,
And loud howls the tempest approaching
Then follows the shouting of men,
And the ominous creaking of rigging.
Clouds, daylight and sky disappear
From the sight of the Trojan mariners.
Black night hovers over the deep,
And perpetual growling of thunder
Shakes earth, sea and sky; while the brilliance
Of lightning unceasingly flashing
Illumines the Stygian blackness,

And all things betok'ning destruction
And death to the unwary seamen,
Appall the most brave of the Trojans.

The quivering limbs of Eneas
Bear witness to terror supreme,
He groans, and extending his hands
To the stars, thus he speaks his emotions:
"O thrice and four times blessed are they,
Who fell in the sight of their fathers
Beneath the high ramparts of Troy,
On the soil of their ancestors' home-land!
Diomedes, thou bravest of Greeks, why could
I not have died by thy hand,
In fields where stern Hector lies slain
By the weapon of ruthless Achilles;
Where Simois rolls 'neath its waves
The remains of so many brave heroes?"

While speaking, the hurricane mounted
In violence higher and higher,
The billows and clouds intermingled,
And loud shrieked the whirlwind above him.
Then crushed were the oars, and the ship
Was engulfed in the trough of the sea;
And thrice did the gales in their rage
Hurl the vessels 'gainst treacherous reefs.
The ship of the faithful Orontes was
O'erwhelmed by a mountain of water;
Its pilot, as spear from the hand
Of a warrior contending in battle,
Was cast from the deck of his bark
And entombed in the swift-whirling maelstrom.
The arms and the bodies of sailors were
Strewn o'er the turbulent sea.

Then Neptune, aroused by the turmoil
And commotion within his dominions,
Arose from the deep, and in anger
He summoned the winds to his presence.
"Ye culprits, ye arrogant winds,
How dare ye intrude in my kingdom?
Already the heavens and earth
Are upheaved by your flagrant rebellion.
Return to Eolus, and say
That to me, not to him, is the power
To brandish the three-pointed scepter
And rule the tumultuous main."

Neptune aloft waved his trident
And speedily vanished the clouds.
The erstwhile impetuous sea
Crest-fallen and humble became;
While Neptune in state rode away,
Gliding swift o'er the smooth, trackless water.

M. C. T., '22.

Duty Rewarded

"Loud o'er my head though awful thunders roll,
And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Yet 'tis Thy voice, my God, that bids them fly
Thy arm directs those lightnings through the
sky.

Then let the good Thy mighty name revere,
And hardened sinners Thy just vengeance
fear."

—Scott.

It was mid-summer in the year 1680. The foreboding heavens were overcast with clouds. Lightning flashed and peals of thunder were heard which seemed to shake the earth itself; but the men seated in the heart of the forest heeded it not, for there was business in hand—weighty business. There was a death-like silence over all which was broken only by the cannon balls of the heavens. At length, however, the leader rose. Immediately all eyes were raised to him. He addressed his fellow-robbers thus:

"I have called you together to-day to determine further proceedings. We cannot continue this way much longer. Sooner or later we are bound to be caught. As it is, the people are already at our heels and a price is set upon our heads. I have come to the conclusion that the best thing to do is to live a righteous life. Most of you are men like myself who, being wrongly accused of crimes, have been embittered against the world; but let us forget that, return to our homes and then embark for America, where we will begin life anew. Before doing this we will bury our treasure beneath this tree. I know it is hard to forget, but let us trust in Him above. To conclude this, I wish to say that even if none of you will return, I shall."

There appeared before one of the men a vision of his mother toiling hard to support her family. Then, forgetting his companions, he sobbed, "Ah! mother!

why did all thy teachings go to naught? Wilt thou take me back? Mother—mother, thy wretched son wants forgiveness."

In each of the other hearts a similar thought was echoed. Then broke from all in a tone that resounded through the forest: "We will follow our brave leader to the end."

* * * * *

In the early winter of that year there landed upon the "stern and rockbound" coast of New England the ship "Hopeful." She was a small craft built of rude materials, and it seemed hardly possible that she could have withstood the surf and storms of the Atlantic, but such she had, and brought her burden to safe waters.

Immediately after landing, the crew gathered together to thank God for their safe voyage. There was one man who seemed to be the leader of the group. He was tall, erect and of massive frame. His whole appearance showed he had been accustomed to many hardships. The man's countenance bespoke courage and will-power. The face was heavily lined, but broad, with deep-set brow, dark eyes, aquiline nose and a firm mouth. His once jet-black hair was beginning to be streaked with gray, although he was yet only forty. In his voice we recognize the leader of the band of robbers whom we may now know by his real name, John Hutchins. The people gathered about him were his followers and families.

During that winter the wanderers took shelter in a nearby village, but in the following spring they undertook to erect a town of their own on the site of their landing. True to their word the men stuck by their leader and shared with him the trials and hardships of the ensuing years.

Time rolled on and we now arrive fifteen years later. The scene is in a little log cabin, the home of John Hutchins. Mrs. Hutchins is speaking with her son Richard:

"It is now almost a year since your father was killed. Before his death he intrusted to me a letter which was to be opened by you on your twenty-first birthday. He hoped by that time you would be old enough to fulfill his wishes." She then presented to him the letter.

Taking the envelope from his mother's hand he retired to his room to read its contents in solitude; and we will follow him there. He seats himself by the window and as he breaks the seal he visualizes his father, a man to him who stood for all that was honest and righteous and wonders what message has been awaiting him in the past year. He starts to read:

Dear Son:

When you read this letter I will have since passed to another world. It is only right you should know that which has previously been hidden from you.

I was born in England, April 29, 1640. When I was three my mother died, and at the age of seven my father followed her. Thus at an early age I had to shift for myself. I married your mother when I was twenty-six. For a few years our married life ran smoothly, then occurred a thing which I could never account for, and which embittered my future life. I was called into court one day and accused of the murder of one of the nobles. Innocent as I was, I had no proof of it, and was condemned to a life sentence.

Day by day I planned my escape and at the end of five years of suffering I was free. But free from what!—from prison, but I did not have the freedom which every man desires, for I could not return to my home openly. I must sneak

in at night and go before dawn, and forever after I must stay concealed. Death was my penalty if discovered, and well I knew it, so I set out for the Scottish Highlands, traveling only by night. There at least I was safe. There were several with me when I reached my destination, for on the way I had met others of ill fortune. We banded ourselves together under the oath: "We do solemnly vow our oppressors shall be oppressed."

I will not try to enumerate what followed. It is sufficient to say, however, that at the end of three years of a reckless life we began to repent; but it was too late. We could not undo that which had been done, neither could we return to our former lives, for in those few years we had become notorious throughout the land, and yet our minds would not allow us to go on in our present manner. There was one channel open yet—America! How many hearts have throbbed with the sound of that name. Our deliverance was certain could we but gain that vast expanse of water which separated us from freedom.

It happened there was among our group a former ship owner. Since his exile one of his ships had remained untouched. It seemed there was a superstition surrounding her. We cared not for superstitions, and so, gathering our families together we lifted anchor one dark night in early Autumn. The voyage was long and hard but always before us was that land of freedom—America!

The rest you know, but my chief purpose of this letter is still unsaid. Before we sailed we buried our spoils of the preceding years. Practically everything we had stolen was there, for men of our lives needed little. It was not small sums of many but the fortunes of a few. Below you will find a diagram of the location of the treasure and the names of

the persons to which each sum belongs.

Remember, son, if ever you get the chance, go back to Scotland, dig up the treasure and return it to its owners or descendants.

Your father,

John Hutchins.

Dec. 29, 1693.

Richard pondered long the contents. It was hard to believe that his father, so strict in the bringing up of his children, and so righteous in himself, could have written this letter, and yet it was so. Then laying his hand on the Bible, Richard vowed he would, to the best of his ability, fulfill his father's wish.

Among the occupants of the ship "Alden," which sailed for England that summer, was Richard Hutchins. His face was white, but his heart was firm.

Two months later he was in the land of the purple heather. He found the spot where the treasure had been hidden, but on its site was a mission school. He learned from one of the teachers that the place had been built by an old hermit. While digging one day he discovered a chest of gold. Thinking it was a gift from God he had erected the present edifice. The hermit was half-crazy. When a young man, he had allowed another to be accused of his wrong-doing. After that he had gradually sunk down and down until he at last sought refuge in a hermitage. He had died soon after the building of the mission.

Richard realized that the sin had died with his father, and that he could now return home with an unburdened heart.

Harriet Williams, '23.

A Modern Ichabod

It was during my vacation in the little New England town of Sankaty, which boasts of 700 inhabitants and a general

store, that I became acquainted with Old Peter Burns, commonly known as "Old Pete." He was tall and thin, with extremely long legs that were stiff jointed and awkward. His outer apparel consisted of a black cap, grey coat and brownish colored pants, all of which were skin tight on his loose frame.

"Old Pete" lived in an old dilapidated mansion that had once been the home of his rich uncle. In former times it had been surrounded by well cared for lawns, broken up here and there with shrubbery and flowers; but now all was a tangled mass of weeds, brush and rank grass.

In back of the house was a large barn that was in fairly good condition.

All this property had been left to "Old Pete" upon the death of his uncle, together with several hundred thousand dollars. How "Old Pete" could live in such surroundings and in such poverty when he had any amount of money at his command by which he could live in luxury, peace, and content, was a mystery to his fellow citizens.

Peter Burns was very lazy. His occupation consisted chiefly of two things: the first, riding around town on "Thunder," his twenty-five-year old nag; the second, gossiping with his neighbors at their work; and then fishing out on the lake in his boat. "Old Pete" was the newsboy of the village and was a favorite among the housewives, especially when he brought in some fresh fish that he had caught by his pole and line.

Because of all these peculiar antics I nicknamed him "The Modern Ichabod."

Old Pete was a great story teller, but no more so than Si Johnson, the owner of the general store. Every Saturday night there were many stories told to a group of farmers who gathered there to listen to these renowned story tellers. Both Si Johnson and "Old Pete" tried to

outdo each other, consequently some rivalry had sprung up between them.

It was on one such Saturday night that I entered the store to purchase a small article for breakfast when I had the opportunity to listen to a story.

Si Johnson was seated on a butter firkin in the back part of the store surrounded in a semicircle by his eager listeners who were smoking their pipes. Si Johnson was the first to speak:

"Where's 'Old Pete' to-night? He's late."

"Oh, he's out on the lake, fishing," returned one of the farmers. "He hasn't got his catch yet, saw him out there when I crossed the bluff."

"Any danger of him coming in here soon?" asked Si Johnson.

"No, none at all," returned the farmer.

"Well, I'll tell you a little joke I played on him once," said Si. "You remember last fall when I went on my two weeks' hunt in the woods and I left Bill Smith in charge of the store? Well, it was two days after I left Tishcook River, and toward night of the third day, as I was traveling along with two fat partridges in my hunting sack, when I heard the report of a rifle, a quarter of a mile ahead of me.

"Curiosity on my part caused me to hasten forward slowly and cautiously.

"The sight that I saw as I crossed a little rise and looked down below caused complete amazement on my part, for who should I see but 'Old Pete.'

"I dropped to the ground and crawled behind a big rock and peered around so as to be able to see his movements without him seeing me. I had no knowledge of Peter's hunting trip when I left San-katy, and as I did not wish his company or anybody's company on my trip, I did not go forward.

"'Old Pete' busied himself in making a shelter and building a fire, after which

he fell to cleaning the bird he had shot. Leaving his cleaned kill on the rock, Pete went in search of water.

"I was in fine mood for a joke and was determined to play a few on Pete in revenge for the time three weeks before when he had purposely given me the wrong date for the shooting match so that I should be absent and that he could claim all the prizes. He knew I was by far a better shot than he.

"Well, anyway I arose and entered his camp, taking one of my birds the exact size and color as that of "Old Pete's" and placed mine in the same position on the rock as his had been before I had removed it.

"Knowing that Pete would get dangerous with his gun if he discovered his tormentor caused me to leave that vicinity.

"I retraced my steps for about a mile and cooked Pete's ready-cleaned partridge.

"Having satisfied my hunger, I took out my pipe and began smoking. Two hours later I broke camp and started for Pete's. Resuming my place behind the rock I found Pete sitting in front of his shelter holding onto his gun like grim death.

"I kept my post, hoping I would be able to play at least one more joke on Pete before I left. I was rewarded, for three hours later Peter retired inside his shelter.

"After hearing his regular breathing, I crept forward and removed the cartridge from his rifle. I then crept into his shelter and removed the cartridges from his cartridge case, refilling it with sand. Soon after I left his camp for good and sought a shelter for myself. Pete surely must have been sore when he woke up to find his cartridges gone. I bet he won't enter those woods again, too—"

"So you was the feller that thought ya scared me outa the woods was it? Well,

if you'd like ta know it I had another full cartridge case under my blanket, and I stayed a week longer in the woods than you did." It was Old Pete; he had evidently come into the store unseen by anybody and had hidden under the counter in time to hear the story. After making this speech he left the store. As I left for Needham two days later I do not know whether or not Old Pete had become reconciled with his neighbors and Si Johnson.

Francis Eaton, '23.

The Boy Across The Aisle

(In imitation of Judge A. Shute,
Exeter, N. H.)

November the 2nd, 1920, "Today wuz ilection day, me en Steward Buggbee, who sets across the ile from me in school went down town to watch ther man write things on ther Bullertin Bord, first he wud right Rep. 200,000 pluraility in Masechusets en then he wud rite Dem. carrie Kentuckie, I wunder where they carried it to. Eniway ther wuz lots of excitement en we staid ther till twelve erecock en when I come home dad gimme a lickin en said I would hev to carrie out ashes all day tomorrow."

November the 3: "I seen Stew this mornin en he sed he gut a lickin to, but his dad hez gone away so he dont hev to wurk and he is goin ter watch the futball game over tr Gren's feild en he sez ther capten sed mabe he could play en so he went, en I gut to haul out ther ashes. Gosh! ther is most ten wheel-barrer loads, en I gut to haul em All.

November the 4, "me en Stew went huntin with our rifles this morning en I wuz ahed uf him en he shot of his gun en it scared me so I stepped rite onto the Brook en gut all soused, but it was sunnie so I gut dry soon so I didn't go home and we kep huntin. Stew shot at

a Pole Cat en he didn't move so Stew went en picked him up, then he clawed at Stew en he let him go quick but he smelled awful en when he went home, his muther wudnent let him in until he tuk of his cloes, en he sed it wuz my falt becuz I sed it wuz ded en it wuzent! An eneway he is sore en sez he wunt go huntin with me enymore.

November 5rd "Stew Buggie came over this mornin en he sed to me "Hey Chick, I aint mad no more en I gut a new sute of cloes what's better en the uthers, en will you cum over to my house, I gut a new "Yaller Purp" and he ken do triks," so I went over en when we gut over to his house we seen his purp runnin all around the yard crazy like en shakin her hed en Stew, he run over en the dog hed pulled down the cloes line en the clean cloes wuz all ripped en tore, en they wuzent clean enymore, en then Stew's father cum out en gosh! He ken swear more en my pap en he sent Stew to bed end gave em a lickin, then he tol him that he wud kill that——Blankety——dog en I wuz scared en I run home.

Nov. the 6nd, "Stew's pap went away today so I went over en Stew toll me his muther wudn't let his father kil the purp en so his purp hez gone to Boston to the Animile Rescu Lege, so we cant go huntin cuz they aint no dog to go with, but we dug a big hole in his yard and Stew sed he woud do sompin fer his muther becuz she didn't let his dog be killed, so we went into his shed en carried out all ther ol piles of papers, en berried em in the hole en covered em over en then we played "Het ther nigger en the the Ey" en I hit Stew en made his teeth loose en he hit me en giv me a black Ey, en a bludy nose.

7 November Stew gut enother lickin today, his father cum up with ther junk man en tuk him en he tuck him in the

shed en sed "here they are, most a shed full" en the man went in en said "Youre crazy they aint eny here." En he gut awful mad en sed "Is this what you brot me here for" an Stew's father looked in en said, "Well I'll be ———. En then he called Stew en asked him did he know anything about this, en Stew sed "Yep; I buried em in a big hole in the yard becuz I new Ma wanted to put sum old furniture in ther shed." En his pap made him dig em all up again, en the man wouldn't give him so much money fer em en Stew's father was mad en he sent Stew to bed.

"My ink is most gone so no more now pap says I shudn't rite on 2 sides of paper but I only gut 2 papers so I didn't write on one side eneway I dont care.

"When I get more paper en ink I will rite some more."

(To be continued)

Charles Childs, '23.

Read Your Answer in the Stars

Midnight broods over the deep. From the cliff at the head of the island the fog horn groans out its mournful warning, while from his kennel a hound answers with dismal howls. At the base of the cliff, huddled under its protecting overhang, two men crouch. Nearby, a battered dory, wet and cluttered, has been drawn up onto the sand.

The men give striking evidence of hardship. Their clothes are dirty, wet, and torn. Both have beards of several days' growth. Hunger, thirst, fatigue, and exhaustion—all have left their mark. One fellow, drained of every atom of strength, lies unconscious with his head in his companion's lap, but the other man sits staring straight ahead, apparently seeing nothing—except, perchance some inward vision, the horror

and fearfulness of which seems to print itself in his very face—and moving never a muscle.

The night is bitterly cold and the men scantily clothed, yet within a hundred yards, the lightkeeper's warm, lighted house sends out a friendly invitation! Why do the men not accept it? They dare not. They do not know where they are! Their supplies are exhausted, their strength spent, and the tide, roaring and seething with fury, is slowly creeping up on them. Yet they dare not ask for aid. What terrible deed have these men done? What awful crime have they committed? Ask the sea—ask the stars—maybe you can read this answer there!—Alas! 'twas too much home brew!

Harriet Howe, '22.

The Fate of Chan Diele

Probably you have all heard of Limehouse Causeway in the deeper underworld part of London. None but those who have actually had the experience can appreciate this fantastic tale. How many poor wretches have met the worst fate here? How many scandals have ruined the most happy homes? How many powerful men and women, refined, beautiful and clever—all have been reduced to the lowest fiendish, unhappy state? Just picture all this. What is it that actually lures these innocent people to this snare for which the craving grows until all is lost?

The most notorious place at that time was that of Chan Diele's. All the vulgar, black-hearted deeds under the sun took place here. Chan Diele was an evil fiend. As it takes too many words to describe him you can probably form your opinion by his name. His place was known all over Europe, but few had ever attempted to interfere in its affairs, for

all means had failed. No one had ever seen Chan Diele, for he was too clever to take risks, consequently many innocent victims suffered in his name. The peculiar, notorious world reached its heights when rumors went around that Clarice Stone, the beautiful eighteen-year-old daughter of Marshall Stone, the great millionaire, was mysteriously kidnapped by the agents of Chan Diele. It seemed unusual to think that the object wasn't for money but to use the girl as an accomplice, and as an attractive bait for future victims.

Clarice was waiting for someone, most likely her father, when a bandage was clapped over her eyes from behind.

She gave a little shriek, which ended in a choked muffle, and was instantly whisked into a large touring car. By some means an alarm was given and after various clues, the car was traced to the Limehouse district. It stood in front of a door in which some weird Chinese figures and letters were inscribed.

* * * * *

I was put on the case, as I was familiar not only with this part of London but also with cases which were similar to this one. I might add that I spent five hard years studying the Limehouse district and solving problems which puzzled all Europe.

* * * * *

I carefully disguised myself as an old Chinese dope fiend (for that was what all who came to the Limehouse were) and decided first to find out all I could about the place and its doings, for, I was sorry to say, I never had the chance to examine its interior.

Little did I realize that this was to be a night of great excitement for me!

I arrived in front of that door at 8 o'clock, closely examined the letters on the door, and found on one of them a

little button which I pressed. Immediately the door slid open and a large staircase which seemed to go under ground was before me. I took the step and after what seemed ages found myself in front of a great door. To my surprise the handle yielded. Here was a brightly lighted room, but the clouds of smoke were thick and unwholesome. It was no unusual thing for anyone to come in as I did, so I attracted no attention at all.

I took care to keep eyes and ears open, for this was what I came for. I wondered how in the world such beautiful women as were here could ever stoop to such disgrace, for what was once refinement was still faintly written on their faces.

A small crevice caught my eye, and seeing my opportunity I examined it. Suddenly that portion of the wall disappeared and a pretty Oriental furnished room was revealed. A man with his back to me was the first object I saw. I crept, still unobserved, as cautiously as I could behind that chair and waited. The wall by this time had been restored again.

Was this man Chan Diele? That remained to be found out. Just then I heard a little moan.

As I leaned forward, I perceived that the man was addressing a figure on the chair opposite—a figure completely barricaded with pillows. He was actually inducing her to agree to some black art. This then was Chan Diele and that girl was Clarice Stone. He was threatening her with a long ugly knife. My blood boiled. I saw his hand go up when I fired at him. When the girl saw him fall, she jumped to her feet and all her courage returned. I came out now and told her to get behind the chair until I gave her the signal, for we were in great danger.

The wall slid open and a rush of frenzied people forced entrance into the room. Great cries and shrieks were heard. Unearthly shouts were made in Chinese, shouts which most likely meant that their leader was murdered. In the excitement, I slipped, in some miraculous way, out of that crowd and shouted to Clarice. The brave girl fought desperately, but those heathens were upon us. They knew. Suddenly we seemed to be going down—down—down. We were now in icy water. I could swim and she couldn't, but what chance was there here, in icy depths? I trusted in God and fervently hoped. Soon I saw a dim shadow on the water, the police patrol maybe, and I gave up my last effort to shout. Then all was darkness.

* * * * *

When I regained consciousness, I was in Headquarters. Miss Stone was coming on all right, but she was very nervous and ill.

She was sent away to Paris to forget this incident.

As I sit down and go over all this I feel happy when I think that Chan Diele has gone forever, although not before many lives were lost.

* * * * *

I might add that the place was raided that very night.

I hope that the kind readers who took interest in this tale will read the book itself, "The Fate of Chan Diele," as this is only one incident of the many which caused great surprise and mystery. But I think this will give you an idea of what goes on in the darker parts of London.

A. F., '23.

Shakespeare Up-To-Date

Or What Hamlet Would Have Said Had He Been a Student

To work, or not to work;—that is the question;
Whether 'tis harder in the class to suffer
The scorn and sarcasm of indignant teachers,
Or to take hold upon a sea of subjects,
And by stiff plugging end them. To loaf;—to
fail;—

No more; and by loafing to say we end
The headache and the thousand puzzling ques-
tions

That students answer;—'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To loaf;—to fail;—
To fail; perchance to flunk! Ay there's the rub;
For in next June's exam what quizzes come
When we have fooled throughout this year,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long a term,
For who would bear the many seventh periods,
Th' instructor's lectures, the Latin shark's con-
tumely,

The pangs of failure, and loss of promotion,
The insolence of classmates and the spurs
That foolish blockheads of the students take,
When he himself might quiet make
By application? Who would carry lexicons
But for the dread of staying back a year
In Needham High School?
Thus failure does make cowards of us all,
And thus the scholar's hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with many pale forebodings,
And enterprised of Terpsichorean art
With this regard their currents turn away
And love the name of jazzing. Soft you now!
The fair Mr. Campbell! Sir, in thy reports
Be all my recitations remembered.

M. C. T., '22.

Athletics

Wearers of the

N

Football

1921

W. Barnes (Capt.)
H. Dodge
W. Gilbert (Mgr.)
S. Greene
T. Khoury
G. Lumsden
D. Murdoch
C. Roberts
W. Roper
(Asst. Mgr.)
M. Simon

1922

H. Fairbanks
R. Fairbanks
N. Roberts

1923

G. Brittain
J. Connors

P. Johnson

J. Freeman

1924

C. Newcomb

Baseball

1921

H. Dodge
R. Emery
W. Gilbert
T. Khoury
D. Murdock

1922

H. Fairbanks

1923

G. Brittain

Cheer Leaders

C. Eaton, '21
Miss Engstrom, '23



REAR ROW: Coach Walters, W. Gilbert (Mgr.), H. Elliot, J. Connors, S. Greene, M. Simon, T. Khoury,
D. Murdoch, C. Newcomb, F. L. Frost (Fac. Mgr.)
FRONT ROW: G. Brittain, N. Roberts, H. Dodge, W. Barnes (Capt.), P. Johnson, C. Roberts, A. Keefe

For the 1920 season Needham High has put out a team of which the school will never be ashamed. In our line appeared the old familiar faces of C. Roberts, Brittain, Lumsden, Simon, Greene, Capt. Barnes, and N. Roberts; in the backfield Murdock, Khoury, Dodge and Fairbanks still held places. The greater part of these men will graduate next spring, but we still have men like Newcomb, Mitchell and Keefe to take their places.

It is almost impossible to enumerate or describe the excellent plays made by the players during the season and it is sufficient to say that the team lived up to the name of the school and set an excellent example for the following teams. The prospects for a 1921 team are indeed very bright and with our old stars, who will still be in the school, and a new bunch of freshmen, it is expected that an even more formidable team will result.

And who can we thank for the successful season just passed? The "Advocate" takes this opportunity to thank Coach Walters for his helpful instructions, Faculty Manager Frost for his interest, Walter Gilbert, our student manager, Captain Barnes, the athletic leader, the team itself for its excellent work, and everyone and anyone who in any way has helped or supported the team during the 1920 season.

Following there are ten separate write-ups, one for each of the ten games played:

Needham 0, Dorchester 21

It was with great enthusiasm that the townspeople of Needham gathered at Greene's field on September 25th to witness Needham High's first football game of the season. Perhaps some came in hopes of seeing Needham tuck away the first game as a victory, but there is no doubt that the greater part of them

came to see what kind of stuff the High School's 1920 machine was made of.

We lost. But it was a victorious loss. During the first half, outweighed almost to a man, our plucky little eleven held them. Held them; the strong Dorchester team, the pick of a squad which is almost as large in numbers as the entire boys' registration at our High School. During this half Khoury's excellent tackling shone out, but, as luck would have it, he was quite seriously hurt at the beginning of the third quarter and was taken out of the game. From that time on the tide of fortune seemed to turn and the visiting team scored three touchdowns.

As a whole, the team played faultless football, making a striking contrast with the Dorchester eleven, which was penalized time and time again for being off-side. Our boys certainly showed their metal and everyone will agree that we gave Dorchester High some surprise.

The lineup:

NEEDHAM

DORCHESTER

Roberts (Mitchell), re.....le, Daffly
Lumsden, rt.....lt, Wolfe
Greene, rg.....lg, Chase
Dodge, c.....c, Cunningham
Simon, lg.....rg, Gustafson
Brittain, lt.....rt, Aleckna (Capt)
Barnes (Capt), le.....re, Leary
R. Fairbanks, qb.....qb, Haggerty
Khoury (Newcomb), rhb..lhb, Kinnally
Murdock, lhb.....rhb, Cohen
H. Fairbanks, fb.....fb, Devine

Touchdowns: Haggerty 3. Goals from touchdown: Leary 3. Time: 6 and 8 minute quarters.

Needham 0, Newton High 51

At Newton, on the afternoon of September 30th, Needham saw a lot of scoring, but unhappily it was all scored the wrong way! Our team fought hard but was no match for the strong Newton

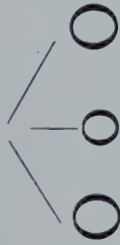
The Barnicle

In Honor of the Seats on the Common

<div>THE BARNICLE</div> <div>M. T. CANN....ED. in CHEESE</div> <div>N. V. LOPE.....MENEGER</div> <div>PHILIP SPACE...AD. GETTER</div> <div>NEWS STIFF</div> <div>IWIN U. LOOZ</div> <div>STRIP GEAR</div> <div>CASEY BEER</div> <div>G. STRING</div> <div>POTTER BEANS</div> <div>Subscription, One iron man (\$1) will give you a life job reading the "Barnicle" which is published every so often to give news and to open its columns to aroused townspeople. The Editor in Cheese is not responsible for anything which through hook or crook gets into the "Barnicle." On paying subscription, if we are away on a fire department call, leave the money with our wife next door.</div> <div>Entered as no matter at the Chestnut Rd. Post Office.</div>	<div>HIGH SCHOOL NOTES</div> <div>With the passing of Thanksgiving "Gish" "Filbert" finished his sentence as calcium carbonator of the football field.</div> <div>Note—Cal. Car.= Lime.</div> <div>A visitor carelessly casted aside his Fatima butt in our beloved school last week. The result was that combustion took place (chemically speaking) and for a few brief seconds the substances of which the edifice is composed were endangered. However, one of the Chem. class quickly applied H₂O which immediately extinguished the fire. The student will receive a Carnegie medal on Fourth of July next providing school remains open until then.</div> <div>Last week two cart loads to the offended.</div>	<div>PUFF!!</div> <div>A darb of a cigarette Mild yet they kill</div> <div>JUST ENOUGH CAMEL</div> <div>Made in the following styles</div> <div>Cork tips</div> <div>No tips</div> <div>Dime tips</div> <div>Life savers are recommended after Puffs to restore natural aroma</div> <div>(The father of this well-known coffin nail certainly knows the ropes in Havana)</div> <div>CORRECTION</div> <div>Last week it was erroneously reported in our columns that Miss Lotta Nerve and Mr. L. Ovanerve were married. This is not so. In fact the affair was only of one night's acquaintance. The mistake was made through a shortage of type. We extend our hearty condolences and congratulations to the offended.</div>	<div>NEED'UM THEATRE</div> <div>Specials</div> <div>Mon. & Fri.</div> <div>Batty Arbuckle</div> <div>in</div> <div>Rise of a Dead Man's Horse</div> <div>Tues. & Thurs.</div> <div>"Fat" Fairbanks</div> <div>in</div> <div>She Sleeps</div> <div>Wed. & Sat.</div> <div>All Star Cast (Iron)</div> <div>Natick Football Team</div> <div>in</div> <div>We Stooped to Needham</div> <div>Needless Hgts. Notes</div> <div>The library announces the following new books:</div> <div>Home Brew, by J. Key.</div> <div>The Art of Stammering, by I. Stutter.</div>
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Torture will give a child
talk on the "Disadvantage
of Flat-feet" in Association
Hall.

Dec. 18 Football—"Fat"
Greene's Field Needless
High vs. Barley Conn. No
admission or admittance.
Cripples and feeble-minded
also excluded.



HOCK-TION-ER

I. B. DAMSKY

Vatches, Wests, B. V. D.
Buttons, Unclaimed
Garments

THE WEAR IS THERE

(This ad paid for by the
overseers of the poor)

P. ANO & CO.

Instrument tuning down to
a science.
Pedals removed but not
replaced.
We have long been noted
for our cast iron hymn book
handles.

cells will not 600 printers in
their feet at noon-time.

Breathes there an advertiser
with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath
said
As an "Advocate" agent
came into his store,
O! Lord.

ONE DOLLAR A MILE A MONTH

FOR SALE—New assort-
ment of rubber shoe laces.
Inquire at the office.

LOST—Pocket edition of
"What to Do." Please re-
turn to Ken Tuckey.

FOUND—One Irish Ter-
rier. Owner may receive the
same on stating age and
features of the canine.
Owner must also pay for
Austin's Dog Bread used to
date.

MOTTOS

Do unto the other fellow
as he would do unto you,
only do it first.
A stitch in time saves a
silk stocking.

Fords and Autos at all Stations Except on Rainy Days
Tel. MacSwiney-Eight Nothing

Dandelions and Skunk Cabbage in Season

BEN THE FLORIST

DON'T SWEAR

Tell Her with Flowers

NEEDLESS NOTES

The Woman's Continual
Talking Union will hold
their weekly meeting at the
home of Miss Molly Cule on
Friday at 2.30 P. M. Mem-
bers are urgently requested
to bring ice picks.

Compliments of
A FRIEND

DON'T SHOUT

I Can Hear You.
I Wear a Morley Ear
Trumpet.

Recommended by Lydia E.
Pinkham

The Bored of Trade will
hold a wrangle on next Mon-
day concerning present liv-
ing conditions. Among the
various topics to be dis-
cussed is the high price of
putty. A very light lunch
will be served.

Compliments of

ANOTHER FRIEND

THE QUANTITY PRINTER

MY MOTTO:

NEVER

SMOOCH

team, which was picked to sweep before it all its opponents in the suburban league. It is certainly a mystery as to where this team got the name of the Newton eleven, for they had about one hundred and eleven men to pile against our ranks, which were already weakened by the absence of Murdoch and Khoury.

Our friend "Creep" Dodge was taken off his throne at center and placed in the backfield. We don't know how he felt, but he certainly didn't look very comfortable. Nevertheless Dodge is an efficient man and as a football player he is right there with the goods.

Newcomb and Mitchell were given chances in the backfield. Both of these men are Freshmen players and we predict a splendid athletic future for them. Mahoney and Cookson were given their first tryouts. The only mishap of the game fell on Capt. Barnes, who hardly lets a game go by without getting a crack somewhere. Wayne stands high in the opinion of every student in the school because we know that the team was under able leadership.

The lineup:

NEEDHAM

NEWTON

Barnes (Capt), le.....re, Osborne
Greene, lt.....rt, Coady
Keefe (Cookson), lg.....rg, Fried
Roberts, c.....c, Smith
Simon, rg.....lg, Macomber
Brittain, rt.....lt, Gulian
Lumsden, re.....le, H. Garrity
R. Fairbanks, qb.....qb, Stafford
Dodge, rhb.....lhb, R. Garrity
Mitchell (Newcomb), lhb.....rhb, Esty
H. Fairbanks, fb.....fb, Leonard

Needham 52, Lexington 0

Needham won its first game of the season from Lexington on Greene's field on October 9th. Aided by the experiences of the two previous games and the

excellent instructions of Coach Walters, the blue and white eleven was able to give Lexington a first-class trouncing. From the very beginning the visitors had no show and Needham scored its first touchdown during the first few minutes of the game.

Dodge, who played his first game as quarterback, handled the plays excellently and made the second touchdown by a neat center rush. "Fat" Fairbanks smashed the line again and again and also scored a touchdown. Lumsden and Brittain distinguished themselves by their tackling, while Khoury and Murdoch worked together with fine results. During the first half Needham played a close game, but during the second half they opened up with some pretty forward passes. Khoury added two touchdowns to the score and Murdock doubled the number by four more. Newcomb substituted for Khoury in the last quarter and executed a feature play by intercepting a forward pass, which had all but reached the hands of a Lexington player.

Although Lexington was beaten, the team fought well and considering the fact that this was their first game for three years, they made a fine showing. They probably would not have had a team this year were it not for the efforts of Mr. Merry, our former principal, who coached them.

The lineup:

NEEDHAM

LEXINGTON

Capt. Barnes, le....re, Newall (Collins)
Greene, lt.....rt, Tyler
O'Conner, lg.....rg, Wilson
Roberts, c.....c, Rogers (McIntosh)
Simon (Mitchell), rg..lg, Beavy (Fisk)
Brittain, rt.....lt, Fardy
Lumsden, re.....le, Bramhall
Dodge, qb.....qb, Kelly
Khoury, Newcomb, lhb...rhb, Cosgrove
Murdoch, rhb.....lhb, McNamara

H. Fairbanks, fb.....fb, Banks
 Score: Needham 52, Lexington 0.
 Touchdowns: Murdoch 4, Khoury 2,
 Dodge, Fairbanks. Goals from touch-
 downs: Fairbanks 3, Murdoch. Time:
 Four ten minute periods.

Needham 0, Milford 0

It was with some surprise and disap-
 pointment that Needham was held by
 Milford High to a scoreless tie on the
 afternoon of October 16. We cannot say
 that Milford was in any way superior to
 Needham, for, outside of their pretty red
 jerseys, there was nothing striking about
 their lineup.

During the first few minutes of the
 game Needham swept the visitors before
 them the entire length of the field, but
 lost an excellent chance to score by a
 forward pass, which was unluckily
 thrown out of bounds. From this time
 on there seemed to be a strong misun-
 derstanding between the players of both
 teams and to any looker-on who did not
 understand football, it would seem that
 the sole object of the game was to see
 how many times you could punch the
 other fellow without being caught.

In the third quarter Milford succeeded
 in working its way to Needham's five
 yard line but our team woke up in time
 and for the next four downs Milford
 didn't gain a yard. The last quarter was
 the best of the four. As in the first quar-
 ter, Needham pushed its way up the field
 to Milford's fifteen yard line. There was
 only forty seconds to play and a drop-
 kick was attempted. Our fullback was
 rather slow in making the kick, but the
 ball was rising nicely towards the cross-
 bar when it was blocked by one of Mil-
 ford's ends.

The game closed with the ball in Mil-
 ford's hands on their own twenty-yard
 line.

The lineup:

NEEDHAM	MILFORD
Capt. Barnes, le...re, O'Reilley (Calkin)	Greene, lt.....rt, J. Steves
Mitchell, lg.....rg, Morelli	Roberts, c.....c, Forsin
Connors, rg.....lg, Mamini	Simon, rt.....lt, Brown
Newcomb, re.....le, Markey	Dodge, qb.....qb, Tighe
Khoury, lhb.....rhb, Griffin	Murdoch, rhb.....lhb, T. Steves
Fairbanks, fb.....fb, Grayson	

Score: Needham 0, Milford 0. Time:
 Four ten minute periods.

Needham 12, Lexington 0

Needham wrenched its second victory
 from the hands of Lexington on October
 23 at Lexington. Lexington showed a
 decided improvement over their condi-
 tion of two weeks previous, but still they
 were not strong enough to stem the de-
 feat which Needham had ready for
 them.

Quarterback Dodge scored the first
 touchdown in the opening quarter by a
 rush through center. The game was
 started without Khoury and Roberts,
 who came racing onto the field at the
 beginning of the third quarter. The
 cause of their tardiness is not known,
 but it is thought that probably, being
 short of funds, they were stuck halfway,
 or perhaps Khoury was still using the
 old daylight saving time.

The second touchdown was scored
 during the last quarter when Murdock
 received a pretty forward pass from
 Khoury and ran thirty yards for a touch-
 down.

This was Needham's second victory,
 having lost two games and tied one.

The lineup:

NEEDHAM	LEXINGTON
Capt. Barnes, le.....re, Bramhall	Johnson, lt.....rt, Spidel

O'Connor, lg.....rg, Fardy
C. Roberts, c.....c, McIntosh
Simon (N. Roberts), rg

lg, Berman (Wilson)

Greene, rt.....lt, Tyler
Newcomb, re.....le, Newhall
Dodge, qb.....qb, Rogers
Ryan (Khoury), lhb.....rhb, Moakley
Murdoch, rhb.....lhb, Banks (Fiske)
Fairbanks, fb.....fb, Cosgrove

Score: Needham 12, Lexington 0.
Touchdowns: Dodge, Murdoch. Referee:
Hubon. Umpire: Hoffman. Head Lines-
man: Fitzgerald. Time: Four ten min-
ute periods.

Needham 6, Natick 0

Needham High was this year again victorious over the strong Natick eleven. It was even a closer game than that of last year for Natick got no chance to score. In the winning of this game, which was played in Natick, one of the foremost ambitions of the team was realized, although it was hardly expected that Needham would be the victor. Here we must again thank Coach Walters, for his excellent work certainly showed up in this game.

In the first half Needham jumped into the game with such vigor that Natick was taken quite unawares and pushed back yard after yard. Our backfield, Dodge, Khoury, Murdoch and Fairbanks, made gain after gain, while the line stood staunch and steady. Needham kept the ball in Natick's territory most of the time but failed to score.

In the second half it was quite the opposite for Natick pushed its way by successive line rushes to Needham's five-yard line. It looked as though Natick would score but they didn't. Lumsden and Barnes played exceptionally well, and Brittain and Greene did their share of tackling.

The ball was given to Needham about a foot from the goal line. A punt was impossible because the goal posts stood directly in the way, so the ball was rushed to a first down. A punt was then attempted but it was blocked. Again it looked as though Natick would score, but Needham recovered the ball on the one-yard line. In the next play the ball was safely punted to midfield. But luck was still with Needham. After having lost about ten yards on a fluke play, Natick attempted a forward pass, but Khoury, always on the job, intercepted it and raced forty yards for a touchdown.

There was only a minute to play and the game ended with Natick in possession of the ball.

It was a happy crowd that travelled back to Needham with Natick's scalp hanging at its belt.

The lineup:

NEEDHAM

NATICK

Capt. Barnes, le.....re, McKenney
Greene, lt.....rt, Hannon
Connors, lg.....rg, Hughes
C. Roberts, c.....c, McDermott
Simon, rg.....lg, Knight
Brittain, rt.....lt, Potter
Lumsden, re.....le, Dowd
Dodge, qb.....qb, Lord
Murdoch, lhb.....rhb, Gage
Khoury, rhb.....lhb, Murphy
Fairbanks (Newcomb), fb.fb, Spaulding

Score: Needham 6, Natick 0. Touch-
down: Khoury. Referee: Donlan. Um-
pire: Langley. Time: Four ten minute
periods.

Needham 7, Concord 6

Needham won its fourth victory from Concord High on Greene's field Novem-
ber 6th. This victory is next in impor-
tance to the Natick victory because
Needham was trimmed by Concord last
year. In the first quarter Needham

showed the same swift action as she showed in the Natick game.

Needham scored the first touchdown early in the second period when Khoury, famous for his long, well-judged forward passes, made a neat throw to Murdoch, who caught it and ran twenty yards for a touchdown. Khoury also kicked the goal and, although it was not known at the time, this extra point won the game. In the following period Concord scored a touchdown, but Prichard, their half-back, failed to kick the goal. Concord came near scoring again in this period, but Needham held them for four downs on the ten-yard line.

Needham came close to their opponent's goal, but failed to score again and the game ended with Needham one point in the lead. Although Needham won, Concord did some excellent playing, Quarterback Mullaney starring with his perfect punts and long runs.

Charlie Roberts, our sturdy center, played a fine game, while Simon did a good job at right guard. Barnes, our flying end, certainly showed his skill, although he was slightly injured in the third quarter. And we can't forget Fairbanks and Murdoch, our swift backs, Dodge, our red-jerseyed signal-popper, and Khoury, the line-plunger. In short, the whole team did wonderful work.

The Concord fellows certainly left a very favorable impression on both Needham players and spectators, because their fair play, cheerfulness and courage could not be overlooked.

The lineup:

NEEDHAM	CONCORD
Capt. Barnes (Newcomb), le	
	re, Hutchinson
Johnson, lt.	rt, Mara
Connors (N. Roberts), lg.	rg, Martinson
C. Roberts, c.	c, Sheehan
Simon (Greene), rg.	lg, Prendergast

Brittain, rt.	lt, Ridley
Lumsden, re.	le, Giles
Dodge, qb.	qb, Mullaney
Khoury, lhb.	rhb, Donaldson
Murdoch, rhb.	lhb, Prichard
Fairbanks, fb.	fb, Kelley

The score: Needham 7, Concord 6.
Touchdowns: Murdoch, Prichard. Goal from touchdown: Khoury.

Needham 0, Norwood 27

On the afternoon of November 13th our team journeyed to Norwood with high hopes of victory, but alas, their hopes were not realized. Norwood did not have a very formidable team, but they proved too much for Needham. Our team showed no pep or interest in the game, and as a result Kelley, the Norwood back, was able to smash our line at will, and so it was that our team was beaten by a score of 27 to 0.

Although we were beaten, it is only natural. We can't expect to win all the time, and we can smile in the face of defeat just as easily as we can over victory.

So far the season had advanced very favorably, Needham having won four games, lost three and tied one.

The lineup:

NEEDHAM	NORWOOD
Capt. Barnes, le.	re, Newman
Greene (Johnson), lt	
	rt, Thompson (Johnston)
Simon, lg.	rg, Morse (Curran)
N. Roberts, c.	c, O'Donnell (Capt.)
Connors, rg.	lg, Karshis (Winslow)
Brittain, rt.	lt, Gahagan (Jones)
Lumsden, re.	le, Wenzel (Russell)
Dodge, qb.	qb, Readell
Murdoch, rhb	
	lhb, Johnson (Hammersley)
Khoury, lhb.	rhb, Littlefield
Newcomb (C. Roberts), fb	
	fb, Kelly (Smith)

The score: Norwood 27, Needham 0.

Touchdowns: Littlefield, Readel, Kelly, Hammersley. Goals from touchdowns: O'Donnell 3. Time: Four ten minute periods.

Needham 52, Belmont 0

Needham High came back strong on November 20th and gave Belmont High a first-class beating. From the very beginning of the game Needham swept everything before them and Belmont proved no match for our eleven. It was certainly a great day for the whole team because just as many touchdowns were scored by line players as were scored by the backfield.

Khoury, as usual, smashed the visitor's line again and again and succeeded in adding two touchdowns to his credit. Murdoch also gained much ground throughout the game. Quarterback Dodge and halfback Newcomb bucked the line several times and made several first downs through the enemy's center. Capt. Barnes made himself very prominent by catching many forward passes and gaining much ground. Johnson acquitted himself very well by turning a Belmont fumble into a Needham touchdown. He also scored another touchdown by a tackle rush in the fourth quarter. Charlie Roberts and Brittain each succeeded in crediting himself with a touchdown. Dodge and Newcomb of the backfield also made one touchdown each, making a total of eight altogether. Of these Newcomb kicked four goals after touchdowns.

Needham certainly showed its strength and training in its long ground gains, while Belmont showed its weakness by its failure to make more than two first downs during the whole game. This was Needham's fifth victory of the season.

The lineup:

NEEDHAM BELMONT
Capt. Barnes, le. re, Seacock (Aimore)

Johnson, lt. rt, Kellog
Greene (Connors), lg. . . . rg, Swanson
N. Roberts, c. c, Capt. Peabody
Simon (Elliott), rg

lg, Johnson (Farrell)
Brittain, rt. lt, Bailey (Jenney)
C. Roberts, re. le, Sterret
Dodge (Keefe), qb. qb, Metcalf
Newcomb, rhb. lhb, Netto
Khoury, lhb. rhb, O'Brien
Murdoch, fb. fb, Jaynes

Score: Needham 52, Belmont 0.
Touchdowns: Khoury 2, Johnson 2, C. Roberts, Brittain, Dodge, Newcomb.
Goals from touchdowns: Newcomb 4.
Time: Four ten minute quarters.

Needham 7, (?) West Roxbury 12

On Thanksgiving morning one of the most interesting games of the season was played on Greene's field. What was recorded a defeat for Needham was in reality a hard-earned victory.

Needham kicked off to West Roxbury in the first quarter and recovering the ball rushed it close to the opponent's goal. A dropkick was attempted, but it failed. In the second quarter West Roxbury scored two touchdowns by intercepted passes, but they failed to kick either goal. In this quarter Needham lost another good chance to score. Needham opened the second half with a series of long forward passes, almost all of which were successful. This brought the ball close to West Roxbury's goal and quarterback Keefe pushed it over the line. Newcomb kicked the goal and the score stood 12 to 7, Roxbury's favor.

During the remaining quarter Needham outplayed West Roxbury at every play. Needham had pushed the ball to West Roxbury's 40-yard line and Newcomb threw a long forward pass to Murdoch. The ball was blocked, but halfback Dodge caught it before it touched the ground and made the second touchdown. Here a great discussion took

place amongst players and people and for some reason or other the second touchdown was not called.

After this, Needham lost the ball by an intercepted pass and the game ended with the ball in the possession of West Roxbury. The game showed up the good playing of our team, especially that of Newcomb, Murdoch, Dodge and Keefe, our backfield.

The lineup:

NEEDHAM WEST ROXBURY

Capt. Barnes, le

re, L. Thompson (T. Lane)

Johnson, lt. rt, R. Lydon

Greene, lg. rg, J. Harvey

N. Roberts, c. c, W. O'Connell

Simon (Connors), rg. lg, Holland

Brittan, rt. lt, Alen

C. Roberts, re. le, Lane

Keefe, qb. qb, Meehan (Capt.)

Murdoch, rhb. lhb, English

Dodge, lhb. rhb, Reilley

Newcomb, fb. fb, Downey

Score: West Roxbury 12, Needham 7.

Touchdowns: Roxbury, English and

Lane; Needham, Keefe (Dodge). Goal

from touchdown: Newcomb. Umpire:

Donnellan. Linesman: Twigg. Time:

Four ten minute periods.

W. G. Stephenson, '21.

Girls' Basketball

Not to be outdone by the boys in athletics this year, the girls of each class have formed basketball teams, though the Senior and Junior players were combined in one team. There was great competition for the trophy offered by two interested teachers to the best team. The Seniors, after a number of hard won victories, won the cup. Miss Tarbell acted as Freshman coach, and Miss Caswell as Soph, Junior-Senior.

The following is a scheduled outline of the games played:

Senior-Sophomore, October 18, 1920

Did you go to the basketball game on Monday? No? Why, you missed the dandiest excitement. Those "Sophies" have such an energetic team! But the Seniors are right there too. "Gert" Goodwin certainly is a fighter, and when she shows her gleaming teeth and grapples for the ball like an old Spanish pirate for his gold—well just "Look out!" The game was played with boys' rules as were all the following games.

The lineup:

SENIOR SOPHOMORE

Freeman, c. c, Engstrom

Carter, f. f, Healy

Vernon, f. f, Bond

Howe, f. f, Ashton

Morton, g. g, Temperly

Goodwin, g. g, Jones

Score: Seniors 4, Sophomores 5. Time:

Two seven minute periods. Referee:

Miss Fitch.

Senior-Freshmen, October 21

This, a meeting of the lowest and highest classes, was not without excitement. Both teams made three baskets and then, by luck, the Seniors scored one, on a basket gained through a foul. Miss Casey of the Freshman team distinguished herself by making baskets and, by the way, have you ever seen Lilian Brittain play? Well, she is one of the flighty kind that frustrates you so that you drop the ball and then she runs off with it. She is exceedingly interesting to watch, but to play against—!!! Someone said that Dot Freeman was the best jumping center ever seen and it is Miss Howe and Miss Carter who make most of the baskets. All in all the Seniors have a fine team:

The lineup:

SENIOR FRESHMAN

Freeman, c. c, Dow

Carter, f.....f, Casey
 Vernon, f.....f, Willgoose
 Howe, f.....f, Faust
 Morton, g.....g, Brittain
 Goodwin, g.....g, Gregory

Score: Seniors 7, Freshmen 6. Time:
 Two seven minute halves. Referee: Miss
 Tarbell, Miss Caswell.

Sophomore-Freshmen, October 25

Each of the teams had now won a game, and the Freshmen surely won this one. On the Sophomore's team Miss Bond was one of the forwards who did good work and whoever has met Miss Temperly on the "field of battle" does not need to be told that she is tenacious. No wonder she was a guard in the true sense of the word.

The lineup:

SOPHOMORE FRESHMEN

Engstrom, c.....c, Dow
 Healy, f.....f, Casey
 Bond, f.....f, Faust
 Temperly, g.....g, Gregory
 Jones, g.....g, Brittain

Score: Sophomores 4, Freshmen 5.
 Time: Two seven minute halves. Referee: Mr. Campbell.

Senior-Sophomore, November 2

To quote the blackboard bulletin in Room 3, "Ou la la, oui oui, the Seniors will get you all if you don't watch out." Perhaps they will, who knows. If this game could be any proof it might be true. The game was exciting and well played. There was a change in the Sophomore's lineup, Miss Williams being substituted for Miss Bond as one of the forwards.

The lineup:

SENIOR SOPHOMORE

Freeman, c.....c, Engstrom
 Vernon, f.....f, Williams
 Carter, f.....f, Healy
 Howe, f.....f, Ashton
 Morton, g.....g, Jones

Goodwin, g.....g, Temperly

Score: Seniors 6, Sophomores 4. Time:
 Two ten minute halves. Referees: Miss
 Tarbell, Miss Caswell.

Senior-Freshman, November 4

Thou too, speed on, O team so great,
 Speed on, O Seniors, once sedate.
 Other teams with all their fears,
 And hopes for cups in future years,
 Are hanging breathless on thy fate.

The Seniors won this game, thereby winning the cup. The same afternoon the sub-teams of the Freshmen and Sophomores played a game and the Sophomores won 8-1.

The lineup:

SENIOR FRESHMAN

Freeman, c.....c, Dow
 Carter, f.....f, Casey
 Vernon, f.....f, Willgoose
 Howe, f.....f, Faust
 Morton, g.....g, Kroll
 Goodwin, g.....g, Tibbett

Score: Seniors 6, Freshmen 2. Time:
 Two ten minute halves. Referee: Mr.
 Campbell.

Eleanor Jones, '22.

The Game

The team lines up for battle,
 Excitement is intense;
 We can hear the women prattle:
 "We've all paid fifty cents!"

The umpire blows the whistle,
 The game has now begun;
 The players begin to bristle
 Like a cat shot from a gun.

The kickoff is long and hard,
 The halfback gets the ball—
 He tears along for thirty yards
 And gives a thrill to all.

The score's fifty-two to seven,
 The game is but a bluff;
 The losers' battered eleven
 Is crying out: "Enough!"

B. S., '23.

Our Team

I

Give a cheer for Needham High,
A cheer for the White and Blue,
This game is not to be a tie
Our team is smashing through.

II

Though small in size and light in weight
They break through every time,
They sure can play at a lively rate,
Just watch them buck the line.

III

The ball is carried up the field,
The goal is very near,
The victory is almost sealed,
Just hear the people cheer.

IV.

At last the team has made the goal,
The game is almost done,
The ball is kicked across the pole,
Hurrah! the game is won.

C. C., '23.

Class Activities

1921

President

CHARLES ROBERTS

Treasurer

Secretary

WALTER GILBERT MILDRED ROBB

Vice President

MABEL DAWSON

In the first meeting of the year, the above Senior Class Officers were elected.

With the exception of the office of Vice President, all others are the same as the last two years.

The sale of tickets in the Senior Class for the Teachers' Entertainment was very successful, as we came a close second in the High School competition.

On election day everyone enjoyed the fine speeches made by members of our class. We are proud of our President, Charles Roberts, who had a difficult viewpoint to present. As a whole the

school was for Harding, making it doubly difficult to bring out the good points of Cox. Even though L. Crawford Barnes had an easier pathway, he certainly did justice to the ideals of the Republican candidate, Harding.

We have had a fine football team this year. We estimate it as one of the best that Needham has seen. Our class was well represented with Captain Barnes, D. Murdock, H. Dodge, S. Greene and C. Roberts playing on the team. W. Gilbert acted as student manager of the team and W. Roper as assistant student manager. C. Eaton was elected as one of the cheer leaders.

The boys appeared on the field with all sorts of weird looking football "togs," but we are going to remedy that defect before the next season. Plans were suggested in one of the Student Council meetings to raise money for the Athletic Association, which needs it badly.

A food sale was held in the Assembly Hall, December 1, during recess. We wish to take this opportunity to express our thanks to Miss Fitch and all who helped with the food sale. The proceeds were turned over to the Treasurer of the Association.

A "movie" night was also planned for two weeks following the food sale. Our great helper, Miss Caswell, with Harriet Howe and Wayne Barnes, secured talent for a first class show.

And we must not forget the girls! All of the girls this year that went out for basketball did their best and we think it an honor that the Senior-Junior team won the championship. It was such a good beginning that this class would like others to keep up the "sports for girls" idea. Special credit should be given to Dorothy Vernon, Louise Morton, Dorothy Howe, Dorothy Freeman and Willia Cassidy.

Many of our class participated in the hikes that were given by the teachers in the school and thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

Only two "Advocates" will be printed this year: the Christmas issue and the Commencement number. Like preceding classes, we are endeavoring to increase the value of this paper to the school.

Another affair that the Seniors took part in was the Thanksgiving entertainment. We were very well entertained by talent from the school, but what pleased us most was the contrast of the Fairy, Gertrude Digney, with the Witch, Dorothy Vernon. David Murdoch, Herbert Dodge, Wayne Barnes, Elizabeth Williams, and Dorothy Freeman were among others who contributed their talent.

Respectfully submitted,

MILDRED E. ROBB,

Secretary.

1922

President

Clifford W. Kilmer

Secretary

Harriet M. Howe

Treasurer

Merrill C. Tenney

Vice President

Grace L. Godfrey

On September 13th the first Junior Class meeting was held and the above officers were elected. At this meeting, also, it was voted to continue the support of the French war orphan that the class has supported since the beginning of its High School career. The following committee was appointed to look out for this work:

Chairman, Miss Howe; Miss Godfrey, Miss Watkins, Clifford Kilmer, Charles Cohoon.

A week later, on September 22nd, another meeting was held for the election of Associate "Advocate" Editors to work

with the Senior staff, in preparing for editing the paper next year.

Late in October, one of the Junior English Classes hired a big auto truck and went down to Salem to see the House of Seven Gables. Everyone enjoyed looking over the old house, of course, but considering the fact that the truck was on the road nearly six hours, it may be readily guessed that not all the fun consisted in the inspection of the place.

At a meeting on November 15th it was decided to run a dance in the High School Hall, Friday evening, November 19th, to raise money for the orphan fund.

The following committee was chosen to manage the affairs:

Misses Carter, Watkins, Pond, Howe, and Messrs. Kilmer, Cohoon.

Miss Fitch very kindly acted as chairman of the committee.

The hall was decorated in the French colors and certainly looked very festive. Mr. and Mrs. Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. West, and Mrs. and Mrs. Campbell occupied the chaperone's corner. Gilbert's orchestra furnished the music. There were several novelty dances introduced, and from all appearances that night, and reports since then, everyone had a right good time.

The class wishes to take this opportunity to thank Miss Fitch for her very able assistance. That is really putting it too mildly, for they all feel that any success which was achieved was due to her hard work.

The Junior Class has certainly shrunk somewhat in size, considering the fact that there were seventy-six members at the beginning of the Freshman year, and twenty-eight at the beginning of this year. But since then there have been several valuable additions to the class, including:

Treasurer	Secretary
George Davis	Madeline Kroll

Vice President
Eleanor Tibbits

The Freshman Class this year is the largest class that has ever entered the Needham High School. The members of the class number nearly one hundred.

Soon after school started in September, Mr. Campbell called a meeting of the class and a nominating committee was elected consisting of Evelyn Casey, Priscilla Packard and Edmund Pond. Mildred Jackson acted as presiding officer.

At the next meeting the officers were elected with the results shown above.

Our class did its bit towards helping athletics. Putman Johnson, Cyril Newcomb, James Mitchell, and Alphonsus Keefe made the school football team, while the class organized a separate team which played the Kimball School team with pleasing results.

A great many of the girls went out for basketball and although they did not win the cup, they came in second, with

a tie between the Freshmen and the Sophomores. Evelyn Casey as captain of the team did splendid work, and we also wish to thank Miss Tarbell for her great assistance as coach.

Those who did not take part in athletics contributed to the Athletic Association by buying season tickets.

At the two hikes which the school gave the Freshman Class was well represented. Also a great many of the class attended the socials held in the hall.

The class made a favorable showing in the sale of tickets for the course of Entertainments given by the Teachers' Club for the benefit of the schools.

We wish to extend a cordial welcome to the new pupils from other towns who have entered our class this year and hope that they will remain with us throughout our High School life.

Respectfully submitted,

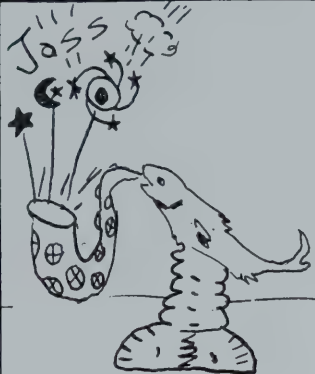
MADELAINE KROLL,

Secretary.



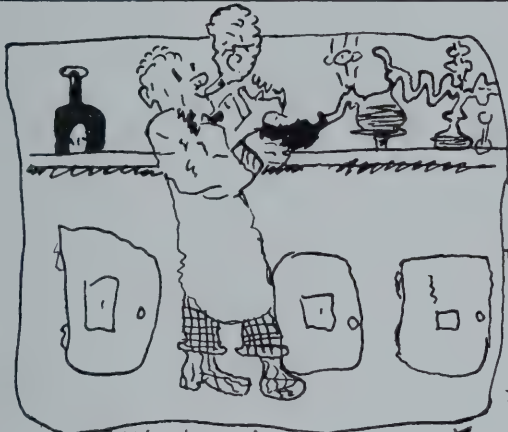
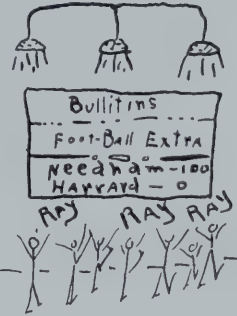
"Mike" in a counter-attack
on the nosey Freshmen.

(This picture taken by the
photographer at a great risk.

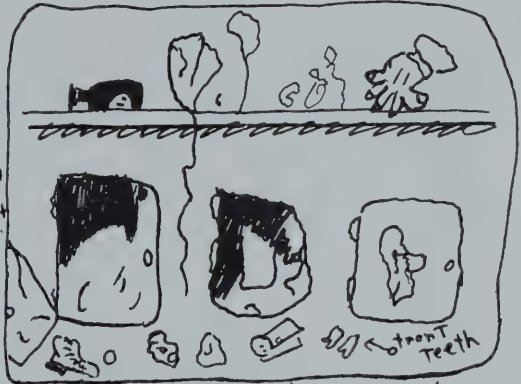


Three Guesses
Who is it ~-

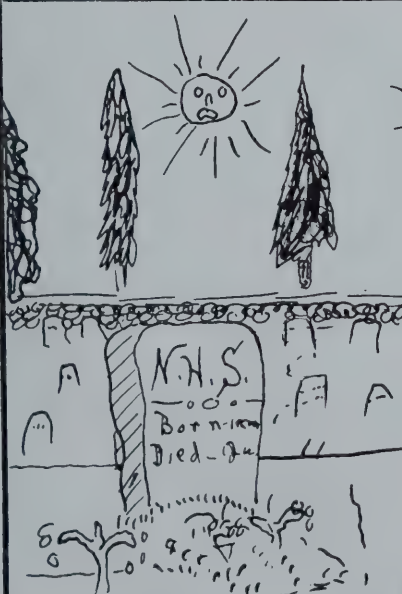
An annual
event:



A Jolly young Senior Shark
In mixing a compound of Goo.



Dropped a match in a vial
and after a while,
They found his front teeth in
a shoe



Chances for New School



While most of
us



N.B. This portrait
snapped in Russia.

Advocate

(B.)

Humor

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometimes guest,
But oft for our own, the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.

English IV A. Remodeling sentences:

Roper: "'Mrs. Dane's Defense' is a play which was written by Henry Arthur Jones in four acts."

Khoury: "The material was brought to the nearest station by rail which was drawn to the mine by horses."

Who Believes in Signs?

LADIES SERVED HERE

Speaking of gloves: G. Digney states that the "kids are raised on this farm and killed annually."

English III A. Dot. P——d: "The well which had been good drinking water until then, turned brackish."

I

Studies to me are a sorrow,
I have them to do all the time.
A sonnet we have for tomorrow
And I cannot think of a line.
I have waited until the last minute,
A habit that should be overcome;
A meeting was called, I was in it,
And I went with my work still undone,
And now the night it is going,
I've returned to my home still perplexed;
That sonnet, oh, it is my undoing,
I am more and still more vexed.
Oh, studies, I hate you sincerely!
But perhaps if I loved you more dearly
I would still be unable to write
A sonnet so late in the night!

D. E. Mercer, '21.

Pupil: "It was the wilds swans or ducks I guess."

Miss Ray: "Yes, geese."

Miss Steward: "I gave the sixth to someone, who was it?"

Voice: "Me."

Miss Steward: "'Me,' all right."

Miss T——: "That's right, yes, it doesn't, does it? Well, won't it weigh more if it doesn't weigh as much." (Rather definite English, doesn't it?)

Mr. Frost: "What happened in October 1775?"

Miss Heald: "Portland harbor was burned."

The Horrors of a Poetess

The teacher she asked me to write her a verse,
But oh my, she couldn't have asked anything worse,
Now, when teachers ask of you what you hate to do,
It is not for you to say, "I don't want it to do."

So I sat myself down with a pencil in hand,
And I scribbled and scratched just to beat the old band,
And I jabbered and prattled 'till I was black in the face,
And finally I got going at a speed breaking pace.

The house was all still, for the folks were all out,
And I'd plenty of time, oh sure without doubt,
And when they came back to our placid old home,
They found me most prostrate and soft in the dome.

W. B., '22.

Miss Caswell: "Here's something about the Sophomore Class."

Editor: "Put it under the 'Class Notes.'"

Miss Caswell: "Oh, no! it's very well handled."

Class of 1919

Helen Thompson.....California
 Gladys Sonnenberg.....Roslindale
 Florence Sobiesky...Harvard Extension Course
 Mabel Richardson.....Needham Trust Co.
 Alfred Rooney.....Fore River Ship Yard
 William Preskenis.....At Home
 Elizabeth Peterson.....Burdetts
 Marion Lyons.....Post Graduate Course
 Randolph Latham.....Deceased
 Clarice Godfrey.....Saxony Knitting Mills
 Florence E. Gordon.....Office Supt. of Schools
 Katherine Hughes.....Stenographer
 Lester Hunt.....Carpenter-Morton Co.
 Herman Faust.....Bates College, Maine
 Jennie Evens.....At Home
 Lawrence E. Eaton.....Norwich University
 Ralph Eichler....Clerk, Bradley MacIntosh Co.
 Helen K. Durbin.....Mrs. A. J. Cragg
 Ruth Coulter.....Secretary
 Velma W. Carter.....At Home
 Doris E. Carter.....At Home
 Louis H. Bowmar.....Salt Lake City
 Maud C. Betts.....Office Bethesda Society

Class of 1918

Raymond Blades.....Deceased
 Hester I. Billings.....At Home
 Aravessa M. Bleakney.....Stenographer
 Frances G. Cohoon.....Stenographer
 Florence E. Emery.....Teaching in Sterling
 Everett F. Learnerd.....Dartmouth College
 Harry J. Lewis.....R. B. McKim Co.
 Mildred H. McCormack.....Teaching
 Dorothy R. McIntosh.....MacGregor's Office
 Albert Morris...With Edgar T. Ward's Sons Co.
 Gertrude E. Morton.....Stenographer
 Helen Murdock.....John Hancock Co.
 Dorothy E. Norris.....Mount Holyoke
 Lester E. Richwagen.....Dartmouth College
 Joseph B. Sullivan.....Boston University

Charles H. Sutton.....Telegraph Operator
 Frederick A. Whetton....Norwich University
 Ada M. Morton.....Telephone Operator

Class of 1917

Clifford Wye.....Salesman
 Helen Beverly...Stenographer, Watertown Ars.
 Mildred Brockway.....Simmons College
 Florence Connell.....Office Needham Tire Co.
 Norman Crisp.....Dartmouth
 Dorothie C. Engstrom.....Babson's Office
 Elsa E. Faust.....Designer
 Marguerite Faust.....With the Red Cross
 Helen M. Fox.....Wheelock Training School
 Stanley L. Freeman..Mass. Agricultural College
 Gertrude Galvin.....Carter's Office
 Frank E. Godfrey.....Fireman on Railroad
 Dorothy E. Gehling.....John Hancock Ins. Co.
 Frederick O. Howard..Mass. Agricultural College
 Muriel Kennedy.....Mrs. Louis Kinear
 Marguerita Litchfield.....Simmons College
 Dorothy J. Lyons.....Boston University
 Sadie A. Porter.....Tufts College
 Robert G. Roper.....Carter's Office
 Paul F. Ryan.....Carpenter
 Philip Simon.....At Home
 Harold S. Smith.....Brown University
 Raymond A. Snow.....Technology
 Gordon S. Stanley.....Dartmouth College
 Constance Twigg.....Simmons College
 Kendrick Whetton.....West Point

The Alumni Editor wishes to hear
 from:

Genevieve Daley, '17
 Carina Campbell, '17.
 Julia Campbell, '17
 Lillian Braceland, '18
 Elizabeth Eastwood, '18
 Ida Halberts, '18.



To Our Advertisers and Friends

The management of the "Advocate" wishes to thank the many advertisers and friends of the High School for their splendid financial support, which made it possible to make this Christmas number a success. Since the cost of publishing the "Advocate" this year is greater than it has ever been before, we found it necessary to increase our advertising section, and through the hearty co-operation of the townspeople, especially the business men and women, this project was made possible.

WALTER E. GILBERT, '21,
Business Manager.

DR. REGINALD COURANT

Dentist

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SAM JACOBS

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a piano, let alone a harp.

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Manager

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Dance Music, get in touch with
GILBERT'S ORCHESTRA

"Mamma, there's a man in the dining room kissing your maid"

"Why, Willie!"

"April fool, it's only Papa."

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Tel. Needham 42-W

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ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR

Needham, Mass.

Compliments of

Simon and Rosenblat

CENSUS-TAKER:—"How many children have you, madam?"

MADAM:—"Four."

CENSUS-TAKER:—"All together?"

MADAM:—"No! One at a time."

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The Benjamin Moseley Co.

CHARLES RIVER, MASS.

“Patrick,” said the Priest, “How much hay did you steal?”

“Well, I may as well confess for the whole stack, your riverence, for its going back I am for the rest tonight.”

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Dr. Lee A. Jackson

Compliments of
The Q-P Signal Co.

Compliments of a Friend

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Pharmacist

Compliments of
Modern Garage Service

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Henry Thomas
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NEW YORK



PHILADELPHIA

161 Tremont St.

164 Tremont St.

21 West St.

The memory of a face soon fades but in after years commencement photographs always recall many pleasant memories of the class and field.

Special rates extended to all students. Appointments by phone.

BEACH 858, BEACH 2687, BEACH 932

SWEET DREAMS

Sambo: Say Rastus, somethin' funny happened to me last night.

Rastus: Dat sa?

Sambo: Yas, las' night I dreamed I was eatin' shredded wheat an' when I woke up, half my mattress was gone.

Compliments of

Samuel H. Wragg

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37 High Street

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Calvert & Stanley

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POLLY : I hide my head in shame every
time I see the family wash out in the back
yard.

DOLLY : Oh, do they ?

Clerk—Will one collar be enough madam ?
Old Woman (indignant)—Well such foolish-
ness. Do you think I've got more than one
husband ?

The Perry Pharmacy

FRED R. DURGIN, Registered Pharmacist

Great Plain Avenue,

Needham, Mass.

DRUGS OF QUALITY

A small boy and girl were each striving to
outdo the other in an argument, and in spite
of her endeavors, he was winning. Then in-
spiration came.

"Well, anyway my father's taller'n yours,"
she asserted triumphantly.

He dug his toes in the sand. Undoubtedly
his father was a very small man. Suddenly
he straightened. A look of triumph flashed
from his eyes.

"Humph! My father 'u'd be twice as tall
as yours, but his 's'penders hols him down."

H. A. KINGSBURY
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Needham, Mass.

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Overland-Willys-Knight-
Chevrolet

Sales and Service

Needham Heights

Tel. Needham 530

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Adams Bros.

Edward E. Daily
Manufacturer of Paper Boxes
Needham Heights, Mass.

ON GUARD

He was walking post that night for the very first time.

Corporal of the Guard: "Have you seen the officer of the day?"

Rookie: "Nope."

C. of G. an hour later: "Have you seen the officer of the day yet?"

Rookie: "Nope, not yet."

Ten minutes later: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Voice: "Officer of the day."

Rookie: "Oh, you're going to get it in the neck. The Corporal of the Guard's been hunting you for an hour."

A. R. Gay
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailor
First Class Work Guaranteed
105 Hunnewell Street, Needham Heights

Compliments of
Saxony Knitting Mills
Needham Heights, Mass.

Compliments of
W. F. Casey

Compliments of
T. F. Kennedy

CHARLIE—I say, Ben, your friend Mr. Smith is very absent-minded.

BEN—Is that so?

CHARLIE—Yes. The other evening after the storm he put his umbrella to bed, and stood himself in a corner to drip.

"Ah!" he cried, as he picked up an egg from the piano stool, "the lay of the last minstrel".

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"Did you put in fresh water for the gold fish Mary?"

"No, mum they ain't drunk up what I gave them yesterday."

A Friend

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William G. Moseley

Compliments of

The Fox Farm

"Is pants singular or plural?"

"If a man wears 'em it's plural."

"Well if he doesn't—?"

"It's singular."

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"There is nothing new under the sun,"
sighed the fond mother as she sewed another patch upon the pants of her offspring.

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Ask Dad, etc.

"Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut?"

"Just like my dad's, with a round hole on top."

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High School Students

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Can get a College degree afterwards by going to the SCHOOL of EDUCATION OF BOSTON UNIVERSITY for two years.

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Senior:—"Where have you been?"

Fresh:—"To the cemetery."

Senior:—"Any one dead?"

Fresh:—"All of them."

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Visit Hamilton's
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Here lies our Johnie dear,
He neither cries nor hollers,
He staid with us but just six weeks
And cost us forty dollars.

W. W. Slate
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A large assortment of Christmas and New Year
Cards and a variety of attractive Gift goods
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William A. Parks
INSURANCE

Teacher: John your mouth is open.
John: I know it, I opened it.

B. A. WHITTAKER

Dry Goods and Furnishings
Full Line of Christmas Goods

NOT A LIAR

He had been fishing, but with bad luck. On his way home he entered a fishmonger's shop and said to the dealer: "John stand over there and throw me five of the biggest of those trout!"

"Throw 'em!" "What for?" asked the dealer, in amazement.

"I want to tell my family I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

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extends a cordial invitation to the teachers and scholars of the Needham Schools to call at the office and inspect our system and equipment. We shall be pleased to explain the methods used in our various departments.

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"I've got a bad cold, Doctor."

"How did you get it?"

"Too much outside reading."

Aleck Feinberg
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Needham Heights, Mass.

Frank E. Harris

Funeral Director and Embalmer
Monuments and General Cemetery Work
47 Chapel Street, Needham, Mass.
Telephone 390 Needham Residence and Office

Overlooked

"Harry," said Mother severely, "there were two pieces of pie on the shelf this morning, and now there is only one. How does this happen to be?"

"I don't know," said Henry regretfully. "It must have been so dark that I didn't see the other piece."

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The Thomas Sutton Co.

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Lower than Boston Prices

Drowning Man: Quick, throw me a life-belt.

Rescuer (a tailor): Yes, sir! What size around the waist?

What is the difference between pneumonia and ammonia?

Pneumonia comes in chests and ammonia comes in bottles.

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"I have a few more points to touch upon"
said the after dinner tramp as he scaled the
barbed wire fence.

The Little Hat Shop
MRS. HOLMES

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Athletic Supplies

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3 Doors from Summer St.

The Lionne Company

Manufacturers of
ENAMEL, LAQUERS AND AIR-
BRUSH EQUIPMENTS
Needham Heights (94), Mass.

As she stifled a yawn, she asked sweetly: "Is your watch
going, George?"
"Yep," answered George.
"How soon?"

Compliments of
Dr. Cole
OSTEOPATH

Rimmele's Fish Market
CHOICE SEA FOOD IN SEASON
17 Chestnut St., Needham, Mass.
Tel. 330

Elliot & McAdam
Automobile Repairing
Telephone Connection
Highland Avenue

Compliments of
Neale's Variety Store
Masonic Block

Compliments of
T. J. Kilmain

Compliments of
Mayflower Inn

STUDENT:—"I bought this suit a week ago
and it is rusty looking already."
TAYLOR:—"Well, I guaranteed it to wear
like iron, didn't I?"

J. A. Sullivan
Registered Pharmacist
Needham, Mass.

Telephone Connection
Nicholas I. Quint
Electrical Contractor
527 Highland Avenue
Needham Heights, Mass.

FIRST STUDE:—"Well Luther, how is it that
you are going to the dance as a stag tonight?"
SECOND STUDE:—"No Doe."

"Give for one year, the number of tons of
coal shipped out of the United States."
"1492: "None."

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